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**ARTICLES**

Monsters of the Skies . . . . .	Frank J. Taylor	2
We Haven't a Chance . . . . .		6
"V" for Vice Points . . . . .		10
Russia's Convict Experiment . . . . .	Major A. S. Rooper	14
Women Are Toughest . . . . .		22
Far East Flare-up . . . . .	Harry Gibb	41
A New English Language . . . . .	Edith Brench	46
Television Marches Ahead—		

Sympathy Where It's Needed . . . . .	Carroll Jordan and Peter J. McDunnell	50
Mapping Your Child's Progress . . . . .	Elbe P. Dornen	54
Sub. Life Is Hard . . . . .	Les Grenville	61
These Customers Are Right . . . . .	Seena Shaw	64
Judge Well Your Junk . . . . .	Cary Ford	61
Bargaining for a Bride . . . . .	T. T. Seliger Healy	94

**MY DAY TO HOWL**

Gilbert Anstruther Says What He Thinks . . . . .	34, 35, 36, 37, 38
--	--------------------

**CARTOON SATIRE**

Gibson, Royston, Borscown, Lohes—	3, 11, 15, 18, 21, 25, 48, 49, 51, 53, 55, 67
-----------------------------------	---

**AUSTRALIA AT WAR**

A Running History of the Digger at Home and Abroad . . . . .	30, 31, 32
--	------------

**PICTORIAL**

First Section . . . . .	33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39
Second Section . . . . .	73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79

**THE BALANCED REVIEW**

By "The Insider" . . . . .	56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71
----------------------------	--

**DEPARTMENTS**

Books . . . . .	102, 103
Shows . . . . .	104
Pea Pearls . . . . .	105, 106, 107, 108, 109
History in the Making . . . . .	96, 100; cont. back to 32

# MONSTERS OF THE SKIES

FRANK J. TAYLOR

*Proprietor of America's flying battleship put his imagination from Wright Bros' early flights*

One spring day in 1909 a midshipman named Donald Douglas uncovered some exciting news, to wit: Wilbur and Orville Wright would shortly demonstrate their amazing new vehicle, the aeroplane, for the first time before the United States military authorities at Fort Meyer, Virginia. The exhibition was to be solely for the eyes of high-ranking Army and Navy officials, and orders were definitely authorized. Nevertheless, when the Wrights' biplane aeroplane chugged noisily off the ground, soared over a circular course, then landed safely, Midshipman Douglas, "on leave" from classes, was watching it with wide-eyed fascination.

On another spring day, in 1941, the same Donald Douglas told assistants to pull aside the high canvas curtains in the vast assembly hangar of the Douglas Aircraft Company at Santa Monica, California. Behind this canvas wall engineers and craftsmen had worked for two years on a job mysteriously known as "project D." As the curtains rolled back even Donald Douglas blinked at the silver monster he and his men had fabricated so secretly—a flying battleship with a 212-foot wingspread, capable of flying non-stop for 7,500 miles, from Chicago to Europe and back to Chicago, with eighteen tons of

bombs or a thirty-ton cargo of foodstuffs. The largest aeroplane ever built!

Donald Douglas has done perhaps more than any other individual to give Man mastery of space. To-day his glowering air hauls girdle the globe, over 100 of them flying the routes of twenty-four air lines in fifty-two countries. To-day the demonstrators count the minutes as bombers and patrol planes roll off the assembly lines of the four huge plants in which Douglas directs the top-speed efforts of 30,000 aircraft workers. But though his ideas have revolutionized plane construction, and Douglas air liners, bombers, interceptors and amphibians are famed the world around, little is known about Donald Douglas, the man who built them. Almost no one knows that one of his hobbies is writing poetry, that another is sailing yachts in the Pacific, or that he built what is now the world's largest aeroplane plant at Santa Monica because he wanted to live near the smooth sailing water.

Lean, athletic, still in his forties, with a finely-chiselled face bronzed from the sun and sea-breezes, Douglas looks more like a sportsman than an industrial magnate. Apart from his love of the outdoors, he is a ravenous reader—and a confirmed

day-dreamer. But he differs from most day-dreamers in that he is always working to make his dreams come true. Take the fabulous \$1,115 dream, for instance. He poured \$500,000 of his earnings into the super-bomber because he believes that at a pinch a fleet of these great craft, each making 110 trans-Atlantic round trips a year, could carry as much food to England as an equal number of ocean freighters, and being back 125 bomber-ferrying pilots on each return trip faster and at less risk than seacraft.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1892, young Don Douglas was an appointment to Annapolis (the naval training college) to please his father, a New York banker, who had set his heart on a Navy career for Don. Mr. Douglas has since decided that his son's switch from the sea to the air was not altogether a step in the wrong direction. The Douglas Aircraft Company sold \$11,000,000 worth of airplanes last year, and it has orders for \$22,500,000 worth yet to be built; and the elder Douglas has become assistant treasurer of his son's company. Quite a rise from that day in 1915 when Donald, having left the Naval Academy and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, landed his first aviation job as assistant professor of aeronautical engineering—salary \$125 a year.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Douglas helped to build the first wind tunnel to take the guesswork out of aeroplane performance. The year after, he was with the Connecticut Aircraft Company working on the D-1, the Navy's pioneer dinghy. Next he

joined the Glenn L. Martin Company at Los Angeles as chief engineer. Then he served as chief aviation designer for the Army Signal Corps; returned to the Martin Company as vice-president and chief engineer; helped design bombers and pursuit planes for World War I.

At twenty-eight, already an outstanding authority on aeronautics, Douglas decided to strike out for himself as a builder of aircraft. His dream, at the time, was a completely streamlined plane with engines and other obstructions to the wind completely concealed in the teardrop fuselage. At Los Angeles he designed the original Cloudster. Finished in a plating mill in 1921, the Cloudster was the first effectively streamlined aeroplane, and the first completely equipped with instruments to tell the pilot how the craft was functioning.

Taking his designs to Washington, Douglas landed an order for several Cloudsters from the Navy, which wanted them for torpedo carriers. The Navy agreed to pay for them as they were developed and delivered. Young Douglas needed \$4000 to build the first Cloudster. The bankers he approached considered the deal too risky. Discouraged, he told his story one day to a sports writer and aviation enthusiast, who took Douglas to see his employer, Henry Chandler, owner of *The Los Angeles Times*. Chandler listened to Douglas's story, his eyes sparkling. "I don't know anything about aeroplane design," he said, "but I do know that this town needs new industries."

Reaching for his pen, Chandler

scribed a note on a sheet of paper, and signed it. The note stated that as soon as nine other Los Angeles capitalists added their signatures, the group would guarantee the \$4,000 that Douglas wanted to borrow. The diffident young aircraft builder went from capitalist to capitalist until all ten signatures had been obtained. The tenth happened to be a banker. Happenagly, Douglas asked him if he would put up the \$4,000.

"I guess I can do it," laughed the banker. "You've got at least \$40,000,000 worth of collateral on this piece of paper."

The episode launched the aircraft industry in Southern California, where almost half the country's commercial air lines and military 'planes have been produced. Douglas now has plants at Santa Monica, El Segundo and Long Beach, California, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, with 30,000 designers, engineers, shop workers and test pilots under his direction.

In spite of the war, which has practically monopolized his plants with its demands for British and American military 'planes, Douglas dispenses primarily of 'planes to handle the world's commerce. In many aircraft plants commercial 'planes have been the by-product of military designing. In the Douglas scheme the reverse has been true. The *Cloudster*, the *DWC* (Douglas World Cruiser), and the famous *DC* (Douglas Commercial) series were designed for peacetime use, and Douglas looks forward to the

day when his craft will carry not only passengers and mail, but freight as well. The B-19 super-bomber is an exception to the rule. Yet even that may revolutionize overseas travel. The 7,500-mile cranking range may make flying-boats obsolete. Without her bombard the B-19's four motors, developing as much horsepower as the turbines of a 16,000-ton ocean liner, will carry 125 persons faster and cheaper than the amphibians now used for trans-oceanic flight. Its 200-mile-per-hour speed would make Europe almost as handy as New York as Los Angeles is now.

Douglas looks upon the gigantic business as an industry still in its infancy. A tramp through his plants bears him out. The average age of the 30,000 men working under him is twenty-six. To train his new men for the rapidly expanding plants he and his staff conduct technical training schools in collaboration with eight communities around his factories. The Boards of Education furnish the classrooms, he furnishes the tools, the airplane parts and the instructors for turning inexperienced youngsters into aircraft workers. Though he is seldom recognized as such, he has become one of California's leading educators. And he is a teacher who is willing to learn from any of his pupils. "If you have any criticism of the way things are done here, let's have it," he urges his men.

—The Week, U.S.A.



"Amos the newswoman, comes the gentle sound of a typewriter clack . . ."

District of Columbia. "A territory bounded on all sides by the United States of America."

Irving D. Swisher

# WE HADN'T A CHANCE

*While the troops appealed desperately for air support in Greece the R.A.F. faced overwhelming odds*

*The heroic tragedy of the campaign in Greece and Crete are still fresh in the minds of an Empire at war. The full story of how a vastly outnumbered R.A.F., flying and fighting from inadequate bases, sought to check the might of the "Luftwaffe" is too recent history to be told now in detail. But below, in simple, unemotional language, is the story of one of our fighter pilots who took part in the campaign. Air Ministry Regulations forbid the publication of his name. Until this conflict ends he must remain (although he himself would be the last to claim the title) just another of the war's anonymous heroes.*

Recent cables report that Axis troops, in the final evacuation of Greece, showed their pent-up disgust of the negligible British air protection by hazing and pitching stones at the R.A.F. pilots also being evacuated. This article shows that they should have saved the stones and blowing for the brass hats at Whitehall.

I spent the morning of what proved to be my last day in Greece with fellow-pilots, hiding our remaining aircraft in a large olive grove in the south of Greece. The C.O. had received orders that these aircraft had to be saved for one purpose, and that was to carry out a protective patrol over the naval vessels detailed to evacuate the

Australians and the British "Tom-mies."

We knew this would prove to be a tough job, as we would be outnumbered by at least ten to one. Frankly, at that time I had very little hope of getting away, and I think this view was shared by the rest of the pilots of my squadron.

However, things were happening so quickly that one had very little time for thought. I knew that just so long as there was even one machine left we would have to stay. There were about twenty fighter pilots left, and not quite so many machines, to face the main part of the German Air Force.

After lunch, consisting of bully beef and water, we sat in a circle discussing our chances and waiting for patrol orders. Everyone felt pretty miserable. We were game, but beaten. We could face reasonable odds, but we felt that headquarters was expecting too much asking us to fight against such terrific odds.

Even while we were talking the Fifth Columnists were hard at work. Our new position must have been discovered by a German agent and signalled through to his headquarters.

Over came two Nazi reconnaissance aircraft with a strong fighter escort. They must have known exactly where we were hidden, because they came straight to the

olive grove, made three runs over our hiding place, and then returned hurriedly for home with their precious photographs.

Our orders were not to take off as we would immediately give away our position. We might just as well have done so because Jerry already knew where we were—thanks to those damned Fifth Columnists.

We were all thoroughly fed up now and wanted to fly our few remaining aircraft to Crete Island and safety. I was thinking about my wife in England and was glad she did not know what was happening.

Still, there was a job to be done and we had to stay and see it through.

One might ask why we did not move when we knew that Jerry had located us. There were several reasons. There was no other field large enough to operate our fast fighter aircraft; insufficient time to wheel them out and get anywhere before darkness fell, and lastly what was the use of going to the trouble of moving when the whole place was rotten with German Agents. As soon as our wheels had touched the deck elsewhere the news would have been leaked through to the enemy.

So we stayed.

At about four o'clock we heard them coming and dived into the air-trenches; I knew what to expect and braced myself for it.

Out of the sun they came in line astern, Messerschmitts and Junkers, fighters and dive-bombers. I peeped over the top of the trench as they were circling to attack and saw approximately one hundred

acrophanes with dirty black crosses on their fuselage. Then they started.

First the bombers unloaded all their "eggs" into the olive-grove and then climbed up while the fighters came in to strafe us with their machine-guns. I was in a small trench with four other fellows. Some of these dog-outs were plainly visible from the air, and the one in which I was crouching happened to be one of these.

Twenty minutes had passed and they were still hammering hell out of us. There were fires all around, our precious bikes were burning, and the ammunition in them was exploding all over the place. A chap in my trench kept standing up "to have a look." I would ask each time if there were any more coming our way. His answer was always "Yes, two or three coming straight for us." Then we would crouch as low as we could and grind our teeth waiting for it.

Then I got a bullet in my shoulder. It started to bleed badly. The edge of the trench closed in. I remember cursing my luck at the time. I had been through many battles in the air without a wound and now to be hit while on the ground made my blood boil. I would have given my right arm to see about a wounded British fighter appear on the horizon.

I decided to get out of the dog-out as there was not enough room for so many. I shouted to the other fellows that I was getting out. They told me not to be a fool. That I would be killed before I had covered ten yards. However, I had made up my mind. I could not stand it in that hole a moment

longer. I scrambled up the side and ran like a hare away from the firm and diving aircraft.

I must have run almost a mile before I collapsed in an exhausted condition behind a huge rock. There I hid, panting and gasping while the Huns continued their work of murder and destruction. The whole thing lasted about forty minutes—it seemed to us more like forty years.

Finally their guns ceased and they reformed formation, circled the aerodrome, inspected their work and then stroked for home, their job well done. I counted sixty-eight machines as they stroked across the sky. There were more but I was too tired to count further. The worst was over.

I made my way back slowly to the horrible scene. Every one of our precious machines was burning and fellows were lying all over the ground, some wounded, a few dead. It was a sight I shall remember to my dying day. Many transport vehicles were burning, even our valuable water-tanker. I found the Doctor working like hell, a great fellow, doing his duty with a jump of shrapnel in his own leg.

He was busy with the more serious cases and so my wound was not hurting too much. I strolled around to try and help some of the other fellows. I paused and gazed about our last camp in Greece. There were tears in my eyes and I felt very cold and hungry. I silently thanked God that I was still alive and even began to hope that I might live to see my wife again.

The C.O. called the pilots together to tell us that two machines from Egypt had landed in a field

about a mile away and were taking as pilots back to Egypt that night. I lay down under a tree and slept for a few hours. Then my pal came along with a bar of chocolate and told me that we were taking off for Egypt at half-past three in the morning. It was then three o'clock and terribly cold.

Someone found a car alongside the road and about a dozen of us crowded into it and set off to find the aircraft. There were no lights on the car and one tyre was flat.

What a night! My shoulder was hurting badly and I was pretty well all-in. We found the machines about 1.45. The pilot was waiting to take-off. It was pitch black and impossible to see more than a few yards. The pilot wanted a light to guide him in getting off, so a young pilot-officer drove the old car to the far end of the field and set fire to it. It was an American aircraft and I certainly appreciated the comfort for the journey across the Mediterranean.

I breathed a sigh of relief as we left the field safely. The kite was being flown by a fifty-eight year-old Squadron Leader and I could not help admiring his coolness as I watched him operating the controls with an empty pipe stuck in his mouth.

As dawn broke we were passing over Crete Island and heading for Egypt and safety. I looked back and could still see the fierce fires of our last camp.

I dozed off to sleep again and awakened to find that we had crossed the Mediterranean and were just about to touch down on the sand of an aerodrome in Egypt—safe at last.



# "V" FOR VIVE PETAIN

*The battle of combative slogans rages throughout France with undiminished ferocity.*

For months and months we had seen the same posters on the wall of the Rue du Maréchal Foch, advising us to buy X's Soap, Y's Chocolate and Z's aperitif. Then one day, quite suddenly, these appeared, scrawled over the whole length of the posters in white and coloured chalk, immense "V's." In the afternoon a "P" had been added, and in the evening the sign read "S.V.P." (abbreviation of *s'il vous plaît*, "please"). People stopped and smiled. "Please," meaning "Do have some," looked odd written over advertisements for rationed foodstuffs and made some of the passers-by shake their heads. But when it went on for some time the street became accustomed to it. Then there came a night during which the posters with their chalk letters were torn off, and on a background of mutilated pictures of film stars and bottles of Pernod one read Communist slogans beginning with "Vive Staline" and "A bas les trahisseurs!"

The "chalk war" which broke out some time ago has spread over the whole town. The letter seen most often is "V." This is the magic sign for all those who hope for and believe in the victory of Great Britain and Général de Gaulle. It is an easy letter to draw and also easy to form with the first and second finger when touching one's hat. Friends thus saluted know

what is meant; as to the others, how can they prove that the form taken by one's fingers was not pure chance?

If one writes a "P" after the "V" that means "Vive Petain!" Gringoire and other "loyal" papers advise their readers to add to the pointed, dagger-like letter of the rebels the round one of the loyalists. "Ayez tous les vôtres au moment de craie et quand vous voyez sur un mur un 'V' inscrivez à la suite un 'P.' Vive Petain!" ("Carry a piece of chalk with you and if you see 'V' on a wall write 'P' after it. Long live Petain!") Thus Gringoire recently.

But the friends of Great Britain have found other ways and means of showing their feelings. Of course, hardly anyone dare write "Vive la Grande Bretagne!" or "Vive de Gaulle!" That would be too dangerous and might lead to serious consequences. But how about cheering the United States? Surely in this case the police have no reason for interfering. Don't nearly all French politicians and papers try to keep on good terms with the States?

Somehow or other public opinion has to be given a voice, and, as this has become impossible in black and white, white on black has replaced it—the poster has taken the place of the newspaper, the letter of the sentence. In Marseilles and other



"Look, Larry, Kossarecki!"

southern towns the walls and boards bear not only signs, letters or slogans, but often whole articles.

For today France talks politics more than ever, as much as in the far-off days of the Great Revolution. Before the war people talked about murder mysteries and home politics; nowadays nearly everyone speaks of foreign affairs. After all, foreign politics, their problems and their results, spell Fate for every Frenchman today. The form which the future of France will take will be decided ahead—at least, that is the feeling most Frenchmen have. A reporter of *Le Temps* asked some time ago why the Marseilles people whom he met in the train seemed to care only about what Mr. Winston had said to Mr. Roosevelt in Washington, and what the Fuehrer had said to the Duce on the Berne.

Everyone listens to the foreign broadcasting stations, the anti-Gaullists as well as the Gaullists. Most people listen to the "disseminators" broadcasting from Libreville, Brazzaville and London. It seems that a good many youngsters between eighteen and twenty-four have not been listening impartially, because the French transmitter opens up a slightly barrage of counter-propaganda against the Gaullists. Paul Marion, the Minister of Information, and Commander Davivier, a sailor belonging to Admiral Darlan's "crew," try to refute, sentence for sentence, everything said by the London speakers. Some say they are successful; others disagree; and still others believe that it would be wiser to ignore the "diablers" as

much as possible and not be always reminding the people of General de Gaulle.

The strongest argument against General de Gaulle is still that he broke his promise and led Frenchmen against Frenchmen—at Dakar, in Syria, in French Africa. The Free French reply is that French soldiers marched against the territory held by Vichy, but did not fight the men defending it. As soon as Vichy soldiers defend a territory the Free French are ordered to the rear.

The fact that men like Lemaître, the gallant colonial officer, and General Catroux, the ex-governor of Indo-China, sided with de Gaulle is a great advantage for him in the eyes of his fellow countrymen. As for the soldiers and sailors who, after being evacuated to Britain last year, had the choice of returning home but joined General de Gaulle, the average Frenchman appreciates their courage all the more because these men are not recognized as regular soldiers and may expect to be shot as deserters or *franchistes* if they are captured.

"V pour Victoire." The word went out from London, and it is suffusing the soul of France. New decrees have made it more difficult than ever for young men to join the Free French by way of Spain and the Colonies. So they walk about the streets with pieces of chalk in their pockets and write gigantic "V's" on walls and posters. The more impatient ones have joined the Communists, and the only real rival to the "V" is the hammer and sickle.

—Die Weltwoche, Zurich.



"Ta, all, at it, sir, but off I keep going in May County slapping 'Wallies' for Ships That Never Come In' . . . !"



# RUSSIA'S 'CONVICT' EXPERIMENT

MAJOR A. S. HOOPER

*A unique experiment commenced since the Revolution to rehabilitate the Soviet's delinquent convicts.*

Visitors to Russia in peace time usually saw what they expected to see—that is to say, they were biased for or against the country according to their political feelings regarding Communism. The Right was horrified, the Left uncritically enthusiastic. As a result their accounts of life in that little-known land are more or less valueless. For this reason the classic on Russian day-to-day life is the entirely unprejudiced because non-political diary of Major A. S. Hooper, first published in 1937, and now in its fourth edition. Major Hooper is his preface says: "Years of soldiering trains one to look for deeds not words, to search for facts not theories. But it does not, unfortunately, result in literary style." As no publisher would accept his diary, he published it himself at his own expense. It is good to know that *Through Soviet Russia* has had great success.

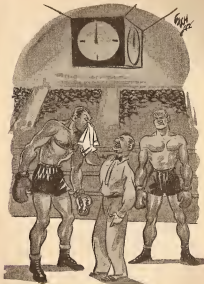
From a multitude of fascinating experiences recorded in the book, we choose for reprinting the account of a visit to the model prison colony of Bolshero, where criminals are brought back to decency by enlightened organisation and humane treatment.

April 14. What a day! Breakfast at 9 a.m., and the next meal at 5 p.m. But it was worth it.

The rifle interpreter and I set out for Bolshero, the prison colony for criminals, some sixteen miles out of Moscow. The interpreter explained the history of the colony.

The Government were puzzled how to deal with the problem of the criminal population, which was no small one after the revolution and the subsequent civil war, foreign intervention by the powers, the blockade and famine and appalling chaos. Dzerzhinski, the head of the Cheka, the Oppa of those days, who was Lenin's friend, tackled the problem. He appointed a man as director of the scheme, and this man (I don't know his name, but he is still advising them in this colony) proposed to get thirteen prisoners from the jails to found and run a colony by themselves. The director would only advise but have no power to command in any way. This was in 1924. Bolshero was chosen as a village not too near Moscow to tempt them back there, and yet not too far to give them a feeling of exile.

When the director went to the jails and chose his thirteen criminals and told them of the scheme and that they would be free to run the colony in their own way, and there would be no supervision by police or anyone, they very naturally re-



"O.E.I. Street"

fused to believe it. No one could be found to accept. It was explained their past life would not be brought up against them and that the Government would help them start a trade and be self-supporting. At last thirteen were recruited. They formed three committees. A committee for recruiting new members, a committee to organize the work, and a committee of "conflicts" to settle all internal disputes. The director had no vote, but helped with advice, which they need not take. The Government loaned them a few simple tools to start with, a horse and cart and a forge and blacksmith's shop; wood-work for furniture and shoe-repairing tools.

The village protested having thieves dumped so close to them. But the scheme went on, and they settled down to earn their living. They recruited more members. They increased their output and built houses. Now a new problem arose. One of the young criminals started courting the village maiden. Not only the parents objected in the good old way, but the village objected. And what a move, the prison colony objected to having a woman in their midst. The director now suggested that women be allowed in the colony from the prison on the same terms as the men. This caused a great discussion, and much heat was generated. The final ruling was very close, but the supporters of the women entering won. This was in 1926 when the colony was a little over a hundred. But for the moment this controversy nearly smashed the idea.

The colony grew and prospered

during 1927, and paid off their debt for tools and gear to the Government. They now asked the Government to help them financially to build a factory, and in order to turn the minds of the colony from the past it was suggested to have a factory for sports gear. So a small factory was started and it grew and grew and grew, and here was I looking at the present factory and colony. The factory is divided into four parts. First clothes, then skis, then skates, then tennis rackets. Fifty per cent. of all the sports gear made in the Soviet Union is turned out here by these criminals.

Muscles of weaving, knitting and sewing machines turned out bathing suits, gym kits and football jerseys and shorts. There are mostly women in this factory, and did they work? Right merrily, for they are paid on piece-work and by results. The men were working in the ski factory, and I never saw such close attention, keenness and speed. Planing, smoothing, trimming and polishing. The skate factory turned them out by the tons. All sorts for racing, for figure skating, and the ordinary.

In this last factory I saw boys working. It is one of the only places in the Soviet Union where boys are allowed to work. They put them to work, for four hours a day only, to keep their thoughts off their old life. They are paid according to results, as always in the Soviet Union. They are given four hours' schooling, too. The quickness of the boys in stringing the rackets was wonderful. But it was thorough. We asked one boy

what his crime was. He became either shy and, though he never stopped working, murmured something. They do not like their past being recalled at this early stage while it is still a sore memory.

Then there is a wood carving place for boys only. A most beautiful head of Lenin in deep carving was done by a boy of fifteen. It really was a striking piece of work. It was interesting watching the boys and their skill in cutting out the curves with no pencil mark to guide them. They were keen on their work all right, and were not a bit interested in a curious foreigner like myself.

As we were moving off from the factories to the dormitories where they live, we saw a boy lying all huddled up against a fence, while a man was leaning over him, speaking gently and eagerly to him. We walked on a little way and then stood and watched. There was no sign of change in their attitudes. A boy strolled by and joined the group, and then a man in a long overcoat joined the group. A man passed who turned out to be a former criminal and was now a leader, and he went up to get the story for us. The boy had lost his temper, thrown off the clothes the colony had given him, and returned his old rags. He said he was not going to work, and did not want to have anything to do with the colony. Our new friend said, "He will be won back all right in time." I asked him if he himself was an ex-thief. "Certainly," he grinned, "and in prison many times." We left with the two figures still in the same position, the man trying to show the boy where his freedom

lay and helping him in his lower conflict.

We came to the living quarters and knocked at one dormitory. It was a plain room with iron beds—stands neatly made up with linen blankets and sheets. Cupboards, too, and a small stovepot at one corner with pictures of Lenin and Stalin and some personal photos. One girl, pale but pretty, was standing sewing by her bed. A man was lolloping on a bed talking to a couple of girls, women rather. A third woman joined us when we started asking questions, and four more at the other end of the room just listened. The girls were ready to answer questions in varying degrees. We asked the most eager her history. She had been in the colony only three months, after being in jail six different times for thieving. She had been married at sixteen and she had two children when her husband died. She had struggled for the children, but had difficulty in getting work. Here there was an interruption from the others who said that it was not true. That if she had really tried she could have found work, but that thieving was easier. This pulled her up somewhat, but, questioned by me, she went on. One child had died and the other had been taken from her by the authorities to prevent it being brought up in the life she was leading. At last she had been persuaded to come here by other members of the colony sent to recruit from the gangs. It was not at all easy at first, and with so many different characters in the dormitory it meant bad temper. But the others had helped her so much she was getting better. She

ughed heavily and started to weep a little, and the others told her not to think of the past, she had the future before her.

We wandered round the quarters and knocked on another door in the men's quarters. There were four-teen beds rather closer than in the women's quarters, but the room was more decorated, a little and also better furnished. Four of them were playing dominoes, but stopped to answer my questions. They had been in the colony some time and had earned enough to buy a carpet. They first pay off their clothes and furniture and then improve their lodgings. They had decided to divide the dormitories according to the callings. This room were all singers. The next room were all acrobats, and they had decorated their walls with a very attractive fringe of acrobats in little figures of silhouettes. I went up to their wall newspaper, which every organization has in Soviet Russia. Picking out a paragraph not too long I asked for it to be translated.

"Alexei and I are next to each other and are good comrades for Alexei is a Bolshevik chap. But as an old member of the solitary committee it seems odd that he should fill his locker with bits of old bread and food and then stuff his clothes with it. No, Alexei, an old comrade like you, admired by all, should be an example in cleanliness and neatness."

Crowding round me to watch my reactions with amusement, they pointed out another paragraph, and this I asked them to translate. The interpreter explained it was written by a small, chunky acrobat they all liked. "I

know I have many faults of rudeness and ill-temper and do not listen to the patient talks of my friends and comrades on the subject. I try to behave better and have failed. But now I promise to behave better and will in future listen to the admonition of my comrades." I laughed and said that if only all of us, myself included, would "Listen" more, what a world it would be. They pointed out that it was a public statement, and making it like that meant he would keep it.

I asked to see the married quarters and found they had little flats. First class, no children, one room, fairly big. They had a big sofa as well as a bed and a sofa. He had been one of the author ones. The rooms had growing plants and flowers. In fact in every room there were growing plants.

The next quarter the owners had children and a woman to help. This man had a piano and was studying for the Conservatoire of Music. This flat had little ornament and only books—evidently both were keen students. The man had had a special mention from the prison Commune for his excellent work there. The next quarter was a married woman with a child, and she and her mother were busy making a dress. All these rooms were neat and clean and up to the standard of the best working-class home in England, and much less crowded than our slums. And there were the criminals and old lags!

We now moved over to the Sports ground. A very fine football ground with a big grandstand on one side and a running track all



"Darling, I'm almost sure I left the tap running, forgot to lock the door, and didn't switch off the gas . . . and as the very best will you bring me some coffee and biscuits!"

round and a special part for other events like pole jumping, etc. This was as good as, if not better than, the Aldenhot Command ground which is by far the best we have in the Army. A further stand was being built on the other side. Besides all this, there was a flat area used for skating and ice hockey in the winter and tennis in the summer. After that I was not so surprised to hear they have the second best football team in the Moscow province, and the second best ice hockey team in all the Soviet Union.

The colony has grown so big it has now absorbed the village, who are rather proud that their village should be so famous in the Soviet Union. The colony allows criminals to work here if they want to. Receiving for criminals is not so easy now, so the numbers are dwindling. The present numbers of the colony are 4,500 criminals, of which 600 are women, but with relatives and those who are "free," whether cased there or not, is about 12,000. And while I am at figures (which I hate) the goods turned out amount to fifty million roubles' worth.

They have thirty-two football teams and twelve orchestras besides groups for theatricals, singing, and dancing.

Our next place to see was the school. A very fine school, but not only for the children but the adults. The contraptions for physics were many and varied. All over the school were fine paintings done by the colony. They have found that the criminals have real

talent rather more than the ordinary, because it needed to be more talented to live their life. This talent in the colony blossomed and expanded in brilliant ways, and in most unexpected people. It sounds a little queer to me, but that was what I was told. Anyway, the pictures were there, and to my untutored eye very good.

On to a crotch for small kiddies, and it was a perfect model of care, cleanliness, brightness and order. And what a merry crowd of children, grouped all according to ages. They had ramps of stairs and a slide down the other side and toys of every description. Two of about three years old were so proud they showed us how they could go up the stairs and slide down the other side. I think the most astonishing thing to me, a mere footnote, was that, though there were about a 100 children in that crotch all under four, I heard only one cry the whole time of my tour in the crotch.

The director, a quick, bright man, had been in charge of the crotch over a year. He had been a thief, so he told me, for sixteen years, and half of that had been prison. His wife had been unhappy during those years, but now all was well. They had two children—one born lately and one born in his thieving years. He had a special mention for his wonderful work in the crotch, and is now allowed to apply for membership of the Communist Party, which is considered the highest honour in the Soviet Union.

—From the author's book, *Through Soviet Russia*.



"It was to be a hair restorer . . . but I think I'll send it to the War Department"

# WOMEN ARE TOUGHEST

*From the cradle to the grave the female of the species survives life's trials better*

Mus, we are being told again, is the weaker sex. The war in Europe is proving it. "I was astonished to see how quickly the younger men collapsed," said an equally young girl the other day to reporters who sought her opinion on open boat voyaging in mid-Atlantic in mid-winter.

This young woman's discovery was, however, confirmation of what the scientists have been telling us all along. Mus has always been known as the weaker sex.

He is more prone to die at every stage from birth to old age. He is also more likely to suffer severely from infections and is more susceptible to almost every disease which is not, for physical reasons, confined to one or other of the sexes. He is notoriously more "difficult" as a patient, and will grumble at small matters of pain which a woman will take in her stride.

Whatever approach is taken, the record is a sorry one. The ophthalmologist brings the count of color-blindness. Not one woman in a thousand, it is said, is so afflicted. Among males, although different figures are quoted, a reasonable estimate appears to be about ten per cent. Yet, apart from shopping—where women admittedly win on all counts—there are far more male occupations in which color judgment is necessary.

Physiologists point out that women have better hearing on the

average, and a keener sense of touch.

Of memory, the psychologists speak with absolute certainty, the average girl or woman is better than the average man—and, indeed, the average husband is painfully aware of the superior memory of his wife.

Not is this the worst testimony the psychologist can offer. There are fewer women who are left-handed, stammer or suffer from a stye—the first two being notoriously associated with nervous troubles, the last more doubtfully so.

Studying industrial conditions, psychologists have found that a woman is better at "day dreaming" than is man, when engaged on a task of a repulsive kind. The man frets, resenting the boredom of his work. The woman does the job as well, but, even while doing it, is thinking of next year's holiday, or next month's hat, or even last night's cinema star.

The most damaging blow to man's prestige, however, is the scientist's insistence that he is physically the weaker sex. Whatever else are man's failings, he objects strongly to being called weak. He is used to contemplate the world's athletic records, and to reflect that though woman has entered athletic, the average school-boy could do as well.

Unfortunately, athletic ability,

even including weight lifting, is not the real test of physique. Such strength may merely be weakness, and the real fact is that without an unusual degree of conditioning the male could scarcely survive.

Nature herself knows it, which is why she provides invariably a larger number of boy babies than girls. The proportion of boy babies who fail to survive from conception to birth is some ten per cent. higher than in the case with girls. So clearly, however, has nature recognized the weakness, that at birth there is a preponderance of boy babies, common to all countries and races, and common, also, though in various degrees, to almost every form of life.

The figures for cattle, sheep and horses tell the same story. And so with the pig, and, for that matter, the rats which the scientists breed in their laboratories. Similarly the hen is stronger than the cock, at least under favored conditions, and doubtless it would be found that the lady silkworm, likewise, is more numerous than her

malefolk, and the spider also of a better thread.

The sex ratio is adjusted to equality at the one age when it is important, biologically speaking, that the sexes should be evenly matched. Then, after the natural child-bearing age, the male comes to be significant. It is a matter of relative indifference, for the survival of the species, whether the male lives or dies.

There seems only one ground for hope. Under modern conditions, however artificial, it is a matter of some importance that the male should survive. He is still regarded for the most part as the more promising wage-earner of the two; he is still expected to keep his family.

Therefore, if the human race should survive for the necessary period of millions of years, the balance may in time be redressed. There will be an advantage to the race in male longevity, and man may be at the result no longer "the weaker sex."

—Fleet Dyer, U.S.A.



## We Don't Believe It!

Will Rogers was once taken to a hospital for a minor operation. He had hardly been settled in his room, when an efficient young nurse beamed at him, punctured his finger for a blood sample, and left without saying a word. Rogers looked at her ankles, and then turned over in bed. A few seconds later, another Florence Nightingale entered, grabbed a different finger, took some more blood and also left without making any comment. The hospital watched the procedure dumbfounded.

This continued for a few minutes. Finally, when the fifth nurse marched in, Rogers put his hands behind his back and cried:

"Say, what are you girls doing anyhow? Keeping an anæmic friend?"



# My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT ARTHUR

## ... TAPE

This month's daleful tale begins with a short dissertation on Red Tape.

Your correspondent knows something about Red Tape, having suffered employment in various Government Departments at various adolescent periods of his life.

Now, since this war began, there are more and more Government Departments. As a somewhat natural result, there is also more and more Red Tape.

Some of it is just laughable. Some is pathetic. But, in more cases than one, it is just plain dangerous.

I like a man who calls Red Tape, Red Tape. A little while back you called it Scarlet Tape; or if you were brave enough to whisper the word Red in a Government Department you first looked furtively all around to make sure no one was listening—then you said it somewhat apologetically with—if you could manage it—a confused blith.

But now any man can stand up and shout the word Red if he

wants to. When Russia became our ally, there was no further ban on the word. When she became "our gallant ally," you even felt you could use it freely in public. Now she is our "heroic and supremely gallant ally" the word is widely approved—except by certain Conservative news-organs whose staff still shudders at the impact of the word on their eyes or ears.

## ... TANGLED

But this is all by the way and in the nature of an introduction.

What this correspondent has to say is serious—damn serious. And something must be done about it—soon in a few months time, or a few weeks time... but now.

After the outbreak of the war in Europe, widespread British correspondents used to scream their hands off for a chest-driving campaign against all the strongholds of Red Taping.

It was difficult to understand just what they were getting at. Certainly, everyone knew that British Government Departments are

—well, essentially British Government Departments.

They were all a tangled mass of tape, always had been, and always would be. Nothing could be done about it short of wholesale massacre. That was the normal, natural gambit of the show.

But what we did not realize (and what we are beginning to realize tragically now) was the fact that, because so many new Departments had been set up there was that much more confusion and obstruction and inefficiency.

In all fairness it is only just to point out that many of the new Australian Government Departments function with almost one hundred per cent. speed and efficiency. Your correspondent has seen some of it.

It is rather bewildering to walk into a Government Department and find that they haven't even got time for morning tea, and that officers are actually doing things swiftly on their own responsibility.

The Department of Supply and Development is one. You will find very little loitering there. And if you try to engage anyone in light conversation you find yourself gently but firmly thrown out on your ear.

This comes as a tremendous shock to your system when you find run up against it.

There are other Departments, too, where the same system is employed.

## ... COMPARISON

After an experience of that kind, one—shall we call them normal and traditional—Departments

seem, by comparison, all the more dead. There is little difference between one of those Departments and a well-wrapped mummy.

Some of the consequences, as I said at the beginning of this piece, are soul-shattering. They are even more than that. They are a natural misce.

If you know an employee of an aircraft factory, ask him what steps he must take in order to procure for himself, from stock, say a one-sixteenth of an inch drill.

But don't ask him unless you have plenty of time on your hands. And even then it might be wise to take along a package of food, a thermos of coffee and a rug if you wish to stay until the mental is finished.

I have it on good authority that there are some men who have made careers for themselves just getting things out of stock. It is a life-work, like writing the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Anyhow, you make some enquiries for yourself. After all, it's your country so much as mine. At the same time you might make some enquiries on the subject of "Waste in Industry."

Then, when you've done this, start howling on your own account.

## ... GUNS

But even that is not so bad—except that it hampers production. And every minute, every ounce of energy, every pound of metal wasted to-day is another nail in our national coffin.

My real kick concerns a certain part.

Some months ago, my steegie tells me, a number of anti-aircraft guns were unloaded at this port. They were carefully taken off the ship and placed on the wharf. Some months ago.

Until a very short time ago, they were still there.

Now these guns are important for the defence of this port and area. They are the only defence, in terms of guns, the place possesses. Come the trading planes, it is their job to keep them high, even if they can't manage to shoot them down.

So this port got its guns.

The next job was to get someone to design, construct and supervise concrete mounts or emplacements for them.

They got the man. He was banged off to do the job. After a considerable period of vainly trying to get results—involving prodigious efforts of letter-writing to and from Canberra, he still got nowhere.

Then, incredibly, out of the blue, came a shipment of cement.

This was what he had been fighting for for so long. Only by the exercise of terrific self-control was he able to stop himself from doing a high-spirited jig of joy.

After that, however, Canberra died again. No other sound or movement came from that city. It seemed as though it had just half-awakened, yawning, pushed off the commitment of cement, and turned over to sleep again.

His next requirement was plans and specifications. Where were the mounts to go?

More frantic writing to Canberra. Endless letters. Appeals

that were stained with tears of supplication. Exhaustions. Appeals to patriotism.

It was all to no avail.

And now, in that port, the guns are still on the wharves. The cement has hardened, where it stands, into a great, solid mass.

And that, my friends, is Red Tape at its tragic worst.

### ... CRACK

Many a man has left the straight and narrow because of some exciting curve.

### ... VERSE

And now I wish to submit that of all poets, Samuel Hoffenstein is worth reading. Your correspondent, knowing a number of them, is as fond of poets and their work as of dear friends who let themselves into your place and drink your whisky while you're out at home.

Poets have a habit of doing this. But nevertheless, I like this Hoffenstein longhair, because he wrote:

"Huge that springs eternal in  
The human breast, is fond of gin,  
Or Scotch or beer or anything  
Designed to help a hope to spring."

He also said, in another breath:  
"Breathes there a man with hide so  
tough

Who says two sexes aren't  
enough?"

I like that kind of thing. Hoffenstein can come and drink my whisky while I'm out any time he likes. I make this offer unconditionally.

Hoffenstein lives in New York.

### ... BOOST

And now I should like to say a kind word for a Sydney newspaper. This is on account of it has more guts than your correspondent had ever thought a newspaper could have.

You might think all newspapers have guts. You would be very wrong if you might think that. Very few newspapers have very little guts.

"But," I hear you say, "they take a strong line on this or that. They stand up and fight such and such Government moves."

Obviously you have never seen an editor skulking in his office and worrying himself half trying to make out what the public is thinking. In that case, electric moment before they decide their policy on this or that situation, you have never heard the editor mutter hoarsely to his leg-man, "Run out and listen to what the mob is saying."

For, whatever the mob says, the newspaper tags along. It doesn't risk circulation by taking things into their own faltering hands—not often, anyway.

So this makes the Sydney Mirror most heroic. Because last month it embarked on a sort of clean-up campaign—including itself in the programme.

The appeal of this and its associate newspapers is, basically, to the working man.

No one has to be told that dog-racing is one of the main delights of the Australian working man's life.

Days, to him, represent a cheap form of gambling—compared with the sport of kings which, to keep

up with the game, calls for a king's income.

In any working-class suburb you like to visit, you'll find men walking barefoot miles and miles around the streets, their eyes afire with the eternal hope that here, at the end of the leash, is a superb four-footed animal that will some day earn a fortune for them.

### ... PROTEST

In view of these facts, and to the amazement of all, therefore, our comic strip newspaper with a campaign, a loud clamor for the immediate suspension of dog-racing for the duration of the war.

This, in terms of a newspaper bucking its own internal policy, is probably one of the most amazing spectacles of the age.

According to this sheet, dog-racing does nothing for the country in time of war. It supports practically no employees. It has no use. It does nothing except use up petrol, electric power, and the time of people who could be doing something useful.

Your correspondent is very happy about this. For—if you have a memory—you will recall that some short time ago, he was backing about a gentleman of the turf who sprang and lost some two or three thousand quid on one horse during one afternoon's racing.

And this, although your correspondent is no straight-headed speed-report, could have been put to much better use.

This country—to be brutally realistic—is faced with the possibility of complete extinction. You are faced with the possibility of having to subsist on a few handfuls of rice

per day. That will be your standard of living—and mine—if we lose.

Just think it over. It is not an exaggeration. An invader imposes his ideas, his method of living, his standards. He doesn't give two cold hoots what you think, or are, or said, or did before he arrived. From the time he takes over, you belong to him—he hands out the food, and the wages, and, in short, the form of Government.

But, of course, that can't happen here, can it?

Or can it?

The saboteurs of Malaya thought and said—right out loud, too—that it couldn't happen there. Malaya was impregnable, wasn't it? The Japanese take Malaya? Pooh! They might get a foothold, for a little while. But they couldn't keep it. These words, your correspondent heard from the lips of Brooke-Popham with his very own ears.

And now some money per cent. of Malaya is in Japanese hands.

But, of course, it still can't happen here, can it?

... CLEAR

We'd better make up our minds

clearly and quickly on this point.

The fact is, it *needs* to happen here. But that is far from saying that it *can't*.

Unless we buckle down to it in a ruthless, sweating way, it certainly will happen. And betting is hundreds or thousands on rice-courses—whether they be courses for dogs or horses—is certainly not bucking down.

In peaceful, unthreatened years, it is our privilege to do what we damn well like with our money, and our time. We can chuck it away in rolls if we like.

But I harshly submit that there are neither peaceful nor unthreatened years. If ever this country was on a spot it is on that spot now. If ever someone was holding the cold, hard, round muzzle of a gun at the back of our national ear, it is being done now.

And somehow, racing, and the squandering of money on racing doesn't seem to fit into that picture. I'll swear the Japanese are not doing it to any extent in their country. They're out to kick the hide off us. And my God, they're going to do it unless we pull our pants up and get moving.



"... and now, if you'll just step closer, gentlemen, I will prove to you how this little wonder razor not only shaves clean those toughest beards, but will soften the hardest beard so that five o'clock shadow is banished forever and shaving becomes a pleasure!"

## Silent Wins

My first night in Singapore I found on my bed a bolster covered with a clean white linen case. Stuffed with feathers, it resembled a bag, seen someone saying: "That night in bed, not knowing what it was for, I kicked it out on to the floor. I did not sleep well. I tossed, writhed, and eventually broke up, backed in perspiration.

The next morning, curious, I asked a friend what purpose the bolster served.

"That's your Dutch wife," he explained. "You're supposed to cuddle it. Keeps you cool and helps you sleep. Wrap your legs around it, hold it in your arms, and you'll sleep much better."—Jerome Weidman, in "Letter of Credit" (Horn and Schuster).





# AUSTRALIA AT WAR

## ... EPIC

Epic, indeed, are some of the experiences of Australian soldiers abroad. When the full history of the war is written, it will include many a story in detail that is now being told only sketchily.

Many of these stories will never be told. They are too numerous, too ordinary compared with the greater story of the war, too small when held against the vast background of this world conflict.

Nevertheless, they deserve to be told; for they are part and parcel of the entire conflict. One such is the adventure of a sergeant in Libya some months ago.

For about six or seven weeks nothing was heard of him. Then, at last, he turned up, unharmed, half-starved, dropping with thirst and fatigue.

His story:

"On a certain afternoon we were all minding our guns when some Snakas came over. They wanted no time at all. They simply took one quick look at our position and began dumping their stuff down on us.

"It went on for hours. They hit down at us with everything they had, all that day and into the night. The noise and the dust is indescribable. Yet curiously you

haven't any time to feel scared—not after it has started.

"From sheer exhaustion we had to leave the guns some time after nightfall and lie up for a while in our dug-outs. It is difficult to describe how weary the human body can get from sense and continual fighting. You can sleep anywhere, at any time, no matter what noise is going on.

## ... TANKS

"We crawled into our dug-outs and slept, while some still kept at it. How they managed to do this, I don't know. But keep at it they did, until we were able to relieve them.

"During the night the Jermies brought up their tanks.

"We kept plugging back at them. They brought up machine-guns and ripped them at us. All that next day they kept at us, machine-gunning all at they were worth.

"Eventually they drove us back against the cliff, where our dug-outs were situated.

"There we stood them off for a while. But the pace was too hot. They drove us back into them.

"After that, they trundled up their flame-throwers and lobbed at us with them.

It was impossible to stand this. The heat in the dugouts was unbearable. At the same time, too, they kept up their pounding with machine-guns, light shells, and bombs. The smoke and dust just about choked us.

"There was only one thing we could do, and we did it. We were almost glad to surrender. It had to be done or we should have been suffocated.

"They treated us with reasonable consideration, in view of the circumstances. You can't expect kid-glove handling in the front line. There just isn't the time for it. But they were fairly decent and showed little or no animosity.

"I suppose they reacted as we ourselves would have reacted under similar circumstances. They were curious to see what we looked like. You could see they were wondering just what we were thinking. I dare say they would have liked to ask us some questions about who we were and where we came from, and what it was like in that part of the world.

"In fact, they probably felt just as you feel when you stand outside an animal's cage at the zoo—curious and wondering a bit how he came to be there.

"... FOOD

"They sent us back behind the lines. When we got there we were set to the job—with some other prisoners—of mending and leveling-off one of their airfields. No doubt they have since discovered that there are some suspiciously soft and unexpected spots on that landing-field.

"That wasn't so good. But

when they asked if any one of us knew anything about mechanics—with a view, we guessed, of putting us to work servicing 'planes—there wasn't a mother's son among us who knew the difference between a propeller and a landing-wheel.

"The food was frightful. In the mornings they gave us a cup of what they called coffee. There was no milk or sugar in it.

"At luncheon you got a mug of half-cold, thin stew of some kind or another. What was in it most of us never learned. Maybe it's a German army secret.

"Along with this stew, you were given a piece of bread. This was as hard as a rock, and obviously very old—maybe even weeks old. It would have been much better if they had cooked the bread in with the stew.

"For dinner at night the mess was exactly the same. The same mystery stew, the same stony bread.

"At night it was desperately cold. They gave us no blankets because, I think, they were short themselves. I am fairly certain of this.

"In any case, we did not get any. We all slept very close together and tried to keep ourselves warm that way. But it is no joke trying to keep warm at night in this region without any sort of covering.

"I don't think I have ever felt so miserable before; and I hope I shall never feel that miserable again. At home, out camping, I have been cold—very cold. But somehow this was a different, more bone-chilling coldness. I suppose your frame of mind has a lot to do with it. If you're unhappy you

feel these things much more sharply.

"After nearly three weeks of this I was fed up.

### ... ESCAPE

"We had often discussed the possibility of making a break for it. But that is pretty difficult, and pretty dangerous. Our own lines were about 150 miles away—at a rough guess.

"Nevertheless, another fellow and myself thought we would give it a go. Anything was better than this.

"We knew very well, of course, that we might be shot trying to make the break. We might also be shot if we were caught and brought back—although this was not certain. Neither of us was sure on that point of warfare.

"We waited. Our chance came about two o'clock one morning. It was pitch black. There seemed to be no one about. With our boots tied by their laces and strung around our necks, like we used to carry them home from school as we paddled along gutters, we crept out.

"Once there were voices whispering in German so close in front of us that I nearly cried out in surprise. If they hadn't spoken we'd have walked right into them.

"We waited for what seemed to be ages. Then we went on.

### ... WALKING

"We made off in the general direction of the coast, since that was the best guess to take as home. All the next day we hid in a cave, not moving. The thirst and heat were killing.

"After we reached the sea it was

not so bad. We could at least bathe and cool our feet. Once or twice, desperate with thirst and hunger, we soaked out on some parked German trucks. Oddly, there seemed to be no one anywhere near them for as far as we could see.

"What they were doing there, or why they were parked we did not wait to find out. It seemed as though heaven was with us. They were literally groaning under loads of food and water—the best of food, the best water in the whole wide world.

"We took all we could carry and beat it.

"Five times we were nearly caught on that tramp back to our own lines. And five times we managed to squeak through by the skin of our teeth.

"Day after day we plodded on. We rationed the water and food between ourselves.

"How many days we were on the march I don't know even now. We lost count of them. But I think it must have been a good fifteen or sixteen days.

"It's really remarkable how little food and water you can get along on when you've got to do it. I wouldn't have believed it.

"After we passed the trucks we were able to get only one other supply—and that was at some spot on the coast where it seemed, a small patrol of some kind had probably worked down for a feed and had to race off and leave most of it.

"We were lucky—that's the only formula for a successful escape . . ."



Starvation, disease, labour, temperatures exceeding 100 deg. in the shade, and humidity higher than 70%, have not held us back on the defence of Darwin. Cutting tracks, making roads, digging and concreting our emplacements are among the jobs the Australians are doing at Darwin to ensure powerful resistance to any Japanese invasion threat.



Sandbags and canteenbags into which palm leaves play their part in constructing sections of Darwin's defenses.



Felling trees in a mangrove swamp can only be done at low tide.



Soldiers, stopped to the waist, work a concrete abut.



Troops in one of the hundreds of machine gun pits that have already been completed at Darwin.



## ADDING ANOTHER "A" TO THE A.A. GUN

Australian-made 3.5-inch Anti-Aircraft gun, in practice shoots on the Australian coast, have demonstrated their high quality. These modern weapons are quickly moving down Australia's production lines. Picture shows a 3.5-inch gun returning

from the proof range to the Army Inspection Board, where it will be thoroughly checked before receiving a final coat of paint.

## BURIAL GROUND OF THE TANKS



Rommel's Panthers were battered, battered, battered.



The desert became a graveyard of dead tanks.

*Cavalcade, February, 1945 Page 51*

## ON CYRENAICA'S SANDS THEY REST



With their mechanical guts blown out.



They lay disabled . . . never to destroy again.

*Cavalcade, February, 1945 Page 52*



"Well, there it is, sir, and a most unusual order. I'll say very well!"

## FAR EAST FLARE-UP

HARRY GIBB

*What Russia will do about Japan is Russia's business—but a Japanese might be made*

Last month, Japan came apparently closer to Australia. This made the Australians somewhat disconcerted and somewhat annoyed.

They were disconcerted because the Jap was so close to their shores, and annoyed because they could not see anyone overseas worrying very much about it.

As usual, their annoyance did not turn against themselves. They did not stop to think that they were as much to blame as anyone else—that, for two years, in a glorious fool's paradise, they had gone on strike over trifling complaints, attended race-meetings two or three times a week and dog-races at frequent intervals throughout the week, and all the rest of it.

They wanted help—and wanted it fast.

We did not realize, and cannot yet realize that help, on the scale we want, takes time to organize and transport. A campaign such as is being now staged in Libya requires months of preparation. Anyone who has never seen this preparation in the process of organization cannot realize what is involved.

That large-scale help is on the way is something that every journalist knows; but it is also some-

thing he can't write or talk about.

He knows, too, that tremendous help has already arrived. But he can't talk or write about that, either. For politicians or the press to tell the public what is being done, and has been done is to tell the enemy, too.

At the same time, we Australians had plenty to yell about. And our Government certainly yelled. That they are getting results can be accepted as a fact.

They yelled for a number of reasons.

From Britain and the United States, they saw reports and heard leaders voice the opinion that the first consideration was Germany; that Germany must be defeated, then the Pacific War would collapse.

Our Australian Government did not like the sound of that one little bit. They held, and rightly so, that this Pacific war was pretty important, too; that, once Japan got on, rubber and oil from Malaya, it might drag out for years.

In short, they did not want to see Australia go under because "Hitler had to be defeated first." For that principle reason, simply, that Britain was thinking of herself first and everyone else afterwards.

The Australian Government saw "The same old trouble" looming—the trouble over supplies of arms and machines.

The cold, unpalatable fact is that Britain—and the United States—don't like sending arms to any place where they might be lost.

Britain was scared badly because she had to leave heaps of material at Dunkirk. It is fairly readily recognized that this fear of similar losses greatly influenced subsequent campaigns—for example Greece and Russia.

It is only since Russia began to show some signs of winning that there has been a free flow of material into that country on any scale.

Instead of taking a reasonable chance, and flinging in masses of arms to help turn the tide, Britain tends rather to hope for the tide to turn of its own accord, then fling in arms to hasten its flow. "Otherwise," they argue, "we might lose it all—my God, think of Dunkirk—and then we'd have to make up all that bright, lovely new material again."

It is this policy of hesitancy that the Australian Government fears most. It is for this reason that it has been long and loud and insistent in its demands.

In Malaya, the Imperial troops are in retreat.

If that rot is to be stopped, they must be supplied with increasing numbers of men and equipment. They must have air superiority. They can drive back the invader so long as they have the tools to do it.

British catchwords, however,

buddle is corners and whinger, "Let's wait and see how they get on, first, before we risk any of our precious hoard of equipment. If they look like holding them, we'll send them something."

But their whispering did not take into account the Australian Government.

In the meantime, we kept planning, and the Japanese kept plunging.

Right throughout January, we planned. Almost every second day we came to light with some new scheme for beating the Jap. We—the world's Democracies—made all kinds of plans.

We had plans for military co-operation; plans for naval co-operation; plans for co-ordination of supplies; plans for diplomatic co-ordination; plans for economic co-operation—and almost any other kind of scheme you could point your finger at.

All this was very nice; but it should have been done months ago—even if only in the rough.

There was no doubt about one thing: When Pacific co-ordination eventually swung into its full, robust stride; when Pacific production got going at full blast; when all the Democracies were finally pulling together in the one set of harness, no combination of nations in the world would be able to match them.

On the political side, too, there seemed to be little doubt that, although these plans were being made to meet an immediate emergency, they were also being made with an eye to post-war union of some kind.



"A double bloody please."

The second most important political development of the month was the speech made to the Japanese Diet by their Premier, General Tojo.

Among other things, he outlined Japan's war aims. No one seems to have bothered to explore the political significance of this speech.

He said: "The main points in our war of Greater East Asia are to secure strategic bases in this region so as to bring all regions with important resources under Japan's control, and to fight until the United States and the British Empire are brought to their knees."

"Even though Britain has been subjected to overwhelming defeats to date, it is reasonable to assume that she will stubbornly resist and try to turn the tide," he went on.

"We must, therefore, prepare against difficulties which will arise and confront us. We must be ready for a long and arduous war."

Most of that was straight going. It simply stated facts, just as the common sense of any other country would first clear the air by a statement of facts.

He then followed on with the customary glibness about how his Government expected to bring "Greater East Asia" under its control, and how they would bring eternal peace, sunshine, and prosperity to that Greater East Asia once it was in their hands.

This kind of thing is mainly designed for the purpose of winning over wavering or occupied territories. In all countries there are those people—often many thousands of them—who think

that the grass is greener in every one else's political backyard.

Every one has heard the game held forth (although he is not game to hold forth loudly at the moment) to the effect that, "This country could do with a dictator like Hitler."

So it is in Asia. There are plenty of Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, and whatever who are more than half inclined to believe that the Japanese have got something. With a little reasoning and kaddah these can be won over completely—particularly if they live in territory already over-run by Japan.

It is to these people, to a large extent, that such speeches are directed—just as Churchill speeches frequently appeal directly and indirectly to potential supporters on the European Continent.

This was an obviously constructed point in his speech, for he immediately went on to appeal directly to Filipinos and Burmese, telling them that all he wanted was co-operation in exchange for which they would be given their independence.

But the main point of his speech was yet to come.

It was a thinly-disguised, almost bald appeal to those influences in this country who might be able to press for a discontinuance of hostilities.

Germany appealed—with spectacular success—to the same influence in France.

In that country, they brought pressure on their Government—by both intrigue and political manoeuvre—to cease to terms with Berlin.

They were most anxious that their beautiful factories (and therefore their profits) should not be bombed; that their beautiful homes should not be bombed. There was only one way to avoid that: By suing for peace—which was done forthwith.

So, in the light of Germany's experience, Tojo obviously thought it was worth while to give the idea a fling at least.

He said, "As regards the Netherlands East Indies and Australia, if they pursue their policy of continued resistance to Japan, we shall show them no mercy whatever. Japan will crush them completely."

This might have been said by Fuhrer Hitler, or von Ribbentrop in any speech directed to France.

It rings absolutely true to the totalitarian form of attempted brow beating. Very clearly, it says, "You know what that means—we'll naturally go for your big factories."

Then came the bait—the alternative:

"But if the peoples of these countries will only realize the true intentions of Japan's Government; if they will only come out and express their willingness to 'walk the road of peace' with us, we shall be happy to give them our utmost help."

"We shall offer them all our help in the building of their countries. We shall let them keep their own culture and their own social structures. They shall have our understanding and our sympathy."

That was the highlight of Premier Tojo's speech.

The rest of it once again dissolved into soft soap—an appeal to

China to give up 'the hopeless struggle' and turn their back on Britain and the United States; a little congratulation and back-patting for Manchukuo, the Nanking Government, and the Siam.

In rather a watery way—because it was impossible to be convincing—he congratulated Germany and Italy "who, likewise are winning victories." He did not stop to say where or how they were winning their victories.

At the same time, his Foreign Minister Tojo touched on Russo-Japanese relations—a very slippery subject—because no one, least of all the Japanese, knows when Russia is going to start fighting with both firms . . . the Eastern as well as the Western.

Said Mr. Tojo, most hopefully, "Relations between this Government and honourable Soviet Government have remained friendly."

"We are bound by our mutual Neutrality Pact, and all enemies to the contrary have not upset either that pact nor these relations."

"They shall not be upset."

But one wonders. Japan is Russia's traditional enemy. And it is not possible to get a traditional enemy out of your blood overnight, pact or no pact.

Russia, for the moment, no doubt, has her hands full. But if Britain should decide to help Russia on the Western Front, that would make things much easier for Russia to take action in the Far East.

And the price of British Communist intervention in the West might well be just that. And it would be worth Russia's while to consider it.



# A NEW ENGLISH LANGUAGE

EDITH BRANCH

*Many attempts have been made to found a universal tongue*

The Bible tells us that when the waters of the Flood receded, the sons of Noah set about to build a city and a tower, "whose top might reach unto heaven."

But the Lord said: "Behold, the people is one and they have all one language, and now nothing will be restrained from them. Let us go down and confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech."

Then, relates the Bible, work stopped and the Lord scattered the builders abroad upon the face of all the earth.

That seems to have started all the trouble—all the wars—all the international discord that has been sown in the world ever since!

After this war there will come the usual spate of Esperanto, League of Nations, Movements for Peace and Universal Brotherhood. Scores of others. And among these Esperanto, you may be sure, there will be endless schemes for the adoption of a universal language.

"De-Babelization" the linguists call it. For they say, only when all men can again speak together "as brother unto brother," as did the sons of Noah, will it be possible for the nations of the world to live together as one happy family.

Since the middle of the seventeenth century when the idea of a universal language first took hold of men's minds and imaginations, over two hundred schemes for such a language have been evolved—almost every one of them doing from a period of bloodshed, transition and war.

One of the first was invented by a famous Englishman, Bishop John Wilkins, who is better known for the fact that he was the founder of the Royal Society.

Wilkins published an elaborate plan for what he called "A Real Character and a Philosophic Language." But his attempt to establish a universal language had no more effect than his intellectual attempts to journey to the moon.

The "Real Character" was a complicated system whereby everything in creation was divided into forty classes, each one designated by a monosyllable. To these monosyllables you added vowels and consonants.

For instance: "De" stands for all the elements—wind, water, fire, etc. "Za" stands for all fish. By adding vowels and consonants you designated which element and which fish.

If you wished, then, to talk of a salmon, you started with "Za"

The salmon being a special kind of fish—namely, a *squamous* river fish (according to Wilkins—you must add an "N." As "g" is likewise added to indicate that the salmon is a *red-fleshed, squamous* river fish. So you ask the fish-messenger for some "Zam,"—and perhaps, you get it.

The written characters consist of forty signs, one for each of the forty classes. To these signs are added numbers, dots and dashes.

There are 3,000 words in Wilkins' vocabulary which he optimistically believed could be learned in a month.

A contemporary of Wilkins, Cave Beck, whose scheme for a universal language preceded Wilkins' by a few years, makes an even more extreme claim. He puts forth his scheme as "An Invention of General Use, the Practice Whereof May Be Attained in Two Hours' Space, Observing the Grammatical Directions."

A glance at the following sentence induces doubts: "leb toeren to per cofesmen and puf cofesmen." This is the Fifth Commandment in Beckian: "Honour thy father and thy mother."

In writing it appears: "leb 2314 p 2477 and pf 2677."

Solresol, another of these early languages, was the invention of a French music master, and its entire vocabulary was based on the seven notes of the scale. And, from its melodious qualities, it had other advantages. A Solresol message could be given in music, coloured lights and flags.

These early languages were all purely invented languages. The

later ones are all based on living languages.

One of the first of these, and certainly the first to have any large body of speakers, was Volapuk. It was the work of an Austrian priest, Johann Martin Schleyer, who was inspired by a vision, and believed he was obeying God's Will in inaugurating a language of peace and universal brotherhood.

Within ten years, nearly three hundred Volapuk societies had been founded. It was estimated that there were a million speaking Volapukists.

Many English words were included in the Volapuk vocabulary. But when they had undergone certain Volapuk changes, they could hardly be recognized. There are no "th's" in Volapuk, and, in deference to the Orientals' difficulty in managing "r," this letter is also omitted. Friend becomes "fren" and programme, "plogram."

It was ridiculously complicated: a Volapuk verb could take 103,440 different forms, and compound words grew to enormous length. It has, moreover, little to recommend it from the standpoint of economy.

"O Fat abai, el in rah, Peihew-kowen nem de."

This is the opening of the Lord's Prayer in Volapuk!

The second universal language to attain wide popularity is Esperanto, and indeed it has held its popularity until to-day.

It was the work of a Polish oculist, Dr. Zamenhof, who lived in a district in Poland where four nationalities spoke four different languages—where people were torn

in racial strife—where cruel pogroms took place with grim regularity.

He published his scheme under the title: "Lengro Internacia de la Doktoro Esperanto" (International Language of Dr. Hapetulo) and from the pseudonym, Dr. Hapetulo, the language took its name.

It was vastly more simple than Volapuk, and certainly more melodious. Contrast the Esperanto version of the Lord's Prayer with the Volapukian.

"Patro nra, kiu estas en la cila, Via Nomo nra ankragata."

Parallel to these schemes for new languages, we have various national languages coming forth as claimants for adoption as a World Language.

Latin cannot now be considered a national language—but it must be considered among the languages with a claim for world use. It was, in fact, the universal language of the Western World for nearly two thousand years, serving during that long period, as the language of scholars, lawyers and scientists because it has a peculiar quality of exactness. A great universal language exists in this language. The fact that it is the language of the Catholic Church has done much to keep Latin alive.

The present day candidates with the soundest claim is English. It is the language of over 500,000,000 people. It is the second language of the Far East, where it has also been made the basis of Pidgin English, and it is widely spoken in Africa and the two American continents.

An ingenious simplification of English has been devised by a mod-

ern scholar, Dr. C. K. Ogden, which he calls Basic English. In considering this plan we must remember that it has been devised, not to supersede the English tongue—but only as an easily-learned common denominator which could be used to the greatest advantage in business transactions and simpler communications of all kinds between men of different languages.

Dr. Ogden makes the same claim for his Basic English that Bishop Wilkins made for his Real Character. It can be learned in thirty days. But the Basic vocabulary has been drastically cut. There are only eight hundred words.

When one considers that there are 180,000 words in the large English dictionary, that 20,000 of these are in common use, that 4,000 are in every day use, 100 cut appears drastic indeed.

The Basic vocabulary can be written on a sheet of 8000-pages. Only five rules of Grammar remain. And of the 4,000 English verbs, Basic uses only sixteen.

I believe that this Basic English will present no difficulty to the learner. The difficulty will be for those of us who think and speak in English. Many things which can be simply said in English, become complicated in Basic.

Examples from the New Testament in Basic English illustrate this point. The story of the Nativity becomes unfamiliar and strange. We see so accustomed to the beautiful and simple words of St. Luke "... he wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn," — that our

own rebel at the Basic version; "... and folding him in linen she put him to rest in the place where the cattle have their food, because there was no room in the house."

As to the Lord's Prayer, you may judge for yourself whether it loses by Basic "simplification": "Our Father in heaven, may your name be kept holy. Let your kingdom come. Let your pleasure be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day bread for our needs. And make us free of our debts, as we have made those free who are in debt to us. And let

us not be put to the test, but keep us safe from the Evil One."

But to realize the full inadequacy of Basic English you must try to make a translation yourself, using only the eight hundred words Dr. Ogden allows in his original vocabulary—(his "New Testament in Basic English" makes use of an additional two hundred.)

Try translating John 11: 15. The best I could do was "Water came from Jesus' eye,". The Bible does it in two words: "Jesus wept."

—Everybody's Weekly, London.

#### COMPARE THESE NEW TESTAMENT PASSAGES ORIGINAL VERSION

And he said unto them: "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed, and not to be set on a candlestick?"

For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad."—Mark 4: 21, 22.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11: 9, 10.

Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—Luke 12: 27.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.—Corinthians 13: 1.

#### BASIC ENGLISH

And he said to them: "When the light comes in, do people put it under a vessel, or under the bed, and not on its table? There is nothing covered which will not be seen openly, and nothing has been made secret which will not come to light."

And I say unto you, Make requests and they will be answered, what you are searching for, you will get; when you give the sign, the door will be open to you.

Give thought to the flowers; they do no work, they make no thread; and still I say to you, even Solomon, in all his glory was not clothed like one of these.

If I make use of the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am like sounding brass, or a loud-tongued bell.

Never chase a lie. Let it alone and it will run itself to death.

—Tyronia Boucher

# TELEVISION MARCHES AHEAD

CARROLL JORDAN AND PETER J. McODNNELL

*Fashion shows, in natural order, are playing an important part in America's first broadcasts*

Those revisiting young ladies who advertise soap and cosmetics just about everything else are dressing their ranks to invade a new field. It's television.

When the go-ahead signal for television was recently released from Washington, the National Broadcasting Company of U.S.A. promptly greeted it with an official series of seven fashion television shows under the direction of Vivyan Donner, whose fashion newsreels are well known to Australian film audiences. The shows were a marked success, and on September 4, 1941, the first sponsored fashion telecast went on the air as a weekly feature.

Those who have had television experience predict that "fashion telecasts" will be a top item on the television menu. Consequently, they are eager to get in on the ground floor, for early experience in so new a field means first call whenever models are needed.

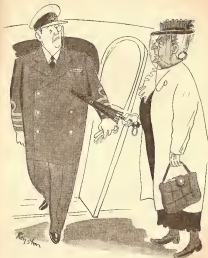
As for the models who want to become actresses, television offers an ideal stepping stone. Not only does a television model get what amounts to acting experience, but while she is in front of the camera her personality is being presented in a thousand different places at once. Wherever there is a television receiver she is making a personal

appearance. And, incidentally, there is no law against Hollywood directors owning sets. So it's likely that you, sitting in your armchair at home, will preview the movie stars of tomorrow.

The fashions themselves! Everything from jewelry to shoes, from sile coats to bathing suits. Even perfumes were personified by models in the NBC shows; and in one, a slendertizing machine was demonstrated, the energetic model in this case being Georgia Carroll, who has leaped from modeling to Broadway to Hollywood. Australian girls also who started as models have passed into local film stardom.

Along with all the technical hurdles that faced television's engineers at first were other problems, such as make-up. While the models rehearsed and performed in a fierce glare and in temperatures over 90 degrees, the make-up men tore their hair finding the cosmetics which would stand the bright lights of the studio and the idiosyncrasies of the television camera.

During one stage of its development, the make-up formula called for a ghostly base, heavy brown lip-stick and eyeshadow galcos. The result would have scared Karloff, Lugosi and Larra. But the situation is now well in hand. Standard television make-up today is duck



"Young man, perhaps you can tell me why I had to pay thousands more today for Gothard!"

"pen-side" hue, dark lipstick.

In television it's not enough that a girl be lovely to behold, or even that the photograph will, Barbara—and this above all else—she must be intelligent. Precisely what that quality is, is hard to define. But because they lack it, some of the most exquisite, successful models have failed to click.

A television model must have a face that is good in motion. Personality and presence of mind are the two most important qualities a model should have for television.

"For my shows on NBC," says Vyvyan Danner, "I chose models who were good-looking but who had something besides—girls who had a feeling for entertaining and a sense of audience."

A biographical glance at these models used in her telecasts shows what Miss Danner means by "something besides."

Diana Clark, for one, is a professional dancer who has appeared at the Waldorf Astoria and other leading New York hotels. Besides her specialty—Hawaiian dances—she sings in both Hawaiian and English. She is also a champion swimmer and is in the aquatic musical show, *Viva O'Brien*. But that's not all: she holds an M.A. degree and has even taught at the University of Hawaii.

Another Danner model is Nina McDougald. Though pure Scotch, her dark flashing beauty seems almost Latin. Top this off with one of the most striking personalities in the modeling profession and you have a threefold sketch of Miss McDougald. She's also a talented actress and devotes much of her spare time to her drawing per-

se and point brushes.

Margaret Johnson, a third Danner choice, is an established radio performer. As a member of the Song Sparrows, she sings, plays the guitar and makes her own arrangements of American folk songs.

Television is quite, quite different from the movies. What the television audience sees is not a doctored version of something that has been filmed earlier, but an unaltered record of what is happening on the spot. No cutting and changing here, for once a television show has gone on the air there is absolutely nothing that can be done to stop or change it.

The television director is able, though, to choose among these angles for his final broadcast shot. Thus a model may put her all into a certain scene, arcing her brows at just the right moment or turning on her most winning smile, only to hear later that at that particular instant the audience saw only a view of her back.

Then, with the commentator being an integral part of criticism fashion shows, the model must always be doing exactly what is being described. This takes precision.

In order to bring about this synchronization of sight and sound, measured steps were found to be a help in timing, as well as a means of keeping the model in focus. Chalk marks on the floor indicated to the model just where she should be at a given time. The entire show must be fully rehearsed before going on the air, the number of rehearsals depending upon the time it takes to make it better perfect.

But even after the most painstaking rehearsals things can go wrong. Katherine Vincent, fashion editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, tells this story of her experience as a commentator:

"An advertiser was putting on the show," she says, "and they were showing some of their most exquisite imports. We'd rehearsed from 2:30 in the afternoon till the show went on at 3:30 that night. We must have gone over every part at least a dozen times, with only about 15 minutes out to buy a sandwich.

"We did it in three scenes, the first a fashionable cocktail terrace with the models wearing cocktail hour dresses. After the girls came on and showed the dresses, they sat down at the tables and drank real champagne served by real waiters. And one girl had so fresh setter on a leash—the first dog ever to be on a television fashion show!

"In the show itself everything went like clockwork until about half-way through the last scene. I was about to describe a distinctive feature on the right side of a lovely evening gown when I happened to glance up from my script. The model had turned in the wrong direction and was showing the left side (where there was no distinctive feature). She had done it right every time in rehearsal . . . of course, my script was no good. So I had to ad lib and say something about the side she was showing."

Incidentally, those 6 hours of rehearsal were for a show that ran exactly 10 minutes and 50 seconds.

In a show done by a noted hair stylist, in which he demonstrated the historic origins of present day

coiffures, the models even had hair to say. They played such parts as Cleopatra securing a gift of jewels sent by Mark Antony, and Anne of Austria being told by an admirer that her new short coiffure would surely create a tremendous scandal in the court.

The Tailored Woman, one of New York's most exclusive specialty shops, gave continuity to its program by setting one scene in a showroom and having a prospective bride come in to select her trousseau, while Lisa Sergis, the radio commentator, played the part of a saleswoman. In this case the running dialogue was entirely ad libbed.

In the scene that followed Wyn Nellie Russell played the part of a flattery customer and was televised in the mirror while she tried on Tailored Woman hats. As she approached herself in each hat, Miss Russell kept up a constant stream of chatter that would have done credit to Mrs. Clever. Finally, finding the right hat, she trotted off the set in a brace of feminine delight.

Although Government regulations prohibited commercial programs, this didn't keep the NBC television department from speculating on how a sponsor might get his advertising message across. Between scenes a close-up was shown of a table set on which were flowers, cigarette box, ash tray and a card saying, "Just Time for a Cigarette." A woman's hand appeared, reached for a cigarette, and after that an occasional flick of ash into the tray was seen.

Women, U.S.A.

# SYMPATHY WHERE IT'S NEEDED

ELBA P. DERSEN

*A few honest words in the right place and time is man's best gift.*

Sympathy is an art which most of us have forgotten. There are times when we all need it, and times when we have all been called upon to offer it. Yet how often, in the face of death, when a friend has relied on you for comfort, have you felt embarrassed and tongue-tied?

Because such an occasion does evoke a certain amount of formality, friends often are so overcome with awe and fear of wounding that they are prevented from giving comfort. The best rule, therefore, is to be natural. What you say at a time like this is of utmost importance. Knowing your friend, as only you do, you will know best what to say—but say it honestly and sincerely.

There are many people, who, in time of bereavement, derive comfort from hearing others remember something especially endearing about the deceased. When you enter a room where the bereaved are gathered, speak warmly to each of them whom you know.

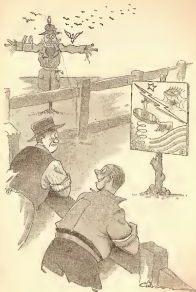
One friend whom I had not seen in five years left a warm glow in my heart by saying in a clear, intelligible voice, when my mother had died, "We had so much fun together. I'll never forget your

mother." One man smiled soberly into my eyes and said frankly, "You know, I've never had an experience like this. I really don't know what to say. I know your heart must be aching and I'm sorry. My prayers, perhaps, will comfort you more than my words can." Even after all these years I remember word for word what was said. And I realize that it was the warmth and the sincerity behind those words that brought me the comfort I needed. The words themselves were not especially remarkable, but they were spoken clearly, genuinely. They were not uttered in haste, as though the speaker was anxious to end the ordeal.

Remember to be natural. You are interested in your friend, and in his sorrow. Don't hide it, for your words can bring unbelievable solace. The plans of others have for the moment no appeal to the bereaved. Do not try to force cheer on him. Ease, for a little, his world of sorrow, until he can, bit by bit, look beyond the bewildering present and resume his place in the everyday world. If you can do this, you will be remembered as one person who had really mastered the art of sympathy.

—WOMAN, U.S.A.

When we change our ideas we change our friends, because our friends are only the embodiment of our ideas.—George Moore.



"I find I get better results this way!"



# CAVALCADE

Presents

## THE BALANCED REVIEW

### Editorial ☆☆☆☆

Of immediate necessity in Australia is a People's Army.

There are many things that it could do, many objects it could achieve. Greatest among its objectives would be the upping of Australian morale. It would make Australians feel they were doing something, getting somewhere.

Cavalcade suggests the following as a working basis for the call-up and organisation of such an army—

(1) All par-rifles and, if necessary, shot-guns to be called in. There are thousands of these which in the Commonwealth. They would be useful, at very least, for teaching the People's Army the elements of shooting. It has been found that only ten per cent. of civilians have ever handled a rifle or gun.

(2) Every reasonably healthy man between the ages of 17 and 40 must serve. A simple set of rules by which he can gauge his health can be issued (a) if he can lift 75 lb. in weight, (b) walk five miles, (c) read a car number-plate at 50 feet, he is good enough for a People's Army. This should apply to every-

one, whether he is earning £10 a year or £50,000.

(3) In his own time, he must do a minimum of three hours training per week.

(4) He will be issued with an enrolment card which will: (a) show his attendance, (b) include the Oath of Allegiance which he has signed. He must carry this with him always and produce it whenever requested by military or civil police.

(5) Centres to train such an army should be set up anywhere, everywhere—at suburban parks, ovals, drill halls, town halls. If necessary they can be trained in the streets.

(6) For the job of training, sergeants can be taken from camps, if necessary. Even police officers could help with the job.

(7) For patriotic and morale purposes, each People's Army training will be issued with simple armbands, which shall include the Australian flag.

(8) At training points, miniature rifle ranges can be set up simply and swiftly so that each

man will be given an opportunity of having rifle practice.

(9) The main value of such an army, however, would be its marching.

Military authorities point out that it takes a great deal of time simply to teach men to march.

The propaganda and morale-boosting value of marching men is considerable. When German Nazis was in its infancy, its leaders built up pride and patriotism simply by marching men, and keeping them on the march around the streets.

At the same time, our People's Army will be learning discipline and the rudiments of teamwork so necessary to an army.

(10) Training centres must be kept open, if necessary, for twenty-four hours of the day—or at least during hours necessary for the convenience of shift workers on defence projects.

(11) Last, simple text-books should be issued to trainees, to supplement their training.

This, then, is the basis for a People's Army. Eventually, they will have uniforms. This is neces-

The Balanced Review is from the unknown but famous pen of "The Reviewer." He also, probably is the author of the famous "The Reviewer" and the "Review of the Review." It is interesting to find the Reviewer, a story of editorial suppression and censorship against the accuracy of the Review.

sary from the point of view of international law. But by that time, they will be no longer raw material. They will have at least some training.

They must get more, of course—training in the art of home-made grenades, guerrilla warfare, stalking, methods of enemy disposal by stealth, unarmed defence methods, and all the rest of it.

Last month an announcement said that factories would not be evacuated unless threatened. That is no time to evacuate. There is no time for evacuation. There must be less talk about it.

The fight is only beginning when your factory is threatened. Two hundred men—even half-trained men—with grenades and a few score rifles in a factory might be able to kill only fifty Japanese. They might kill only one.

But that is one which someone else does not have to kill some other time. Every suburb must become a citadel, every factory a strong-point. For, as Theodore Roosevelt said, "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die."

# The Pacific



## ... ACTIVITY

There was no dearth of activity in the Pacific Area during January, 1942. The new year had started off with a bang, was proceeding with many bangs.

Facts were, in brief: (1) The Jap was still setting the pace—a wild pace by which he hoped to do as much damage, grab off as much territory, take all the advantages he could while the going was good; (2) The world's Democracies drew closer together, their plans were tightened, polished.

At the month's beginning, Britain's Premier Churchill and U.S.A.'s President Roosevelt, between them in Washington, were cooking up a common strategy. They had already made General Sir Archibald Wavell supreme commander of all Allied Pacific forces.

He was confident, cautious. Said he: "The situation may become worse until the tide turns. But when that time comes we will rate with insurmountable strength."

"We must hold on until we can collect the forces for a return blow. The combined Allied forces cannot fail, in the long run, to throw out the Japanese firebrands from the places they have temporarily seized . . ."

Meanwhile, there were reports that America would base units of its Pacific Fleet in Australia.

## ... SUPPLIES

Swift as the heels of these things came an announcement that an Allied Supply Council was in the process of formation. Its job: The juggling of supplies, their swift transport to target battlefronts.

Meanwhile, in the United States Production Manager William Knudsen was calling on his automobile industry so more than double its output of arms in the coming year.

## ... SPEECH

On January 7, President Roosevelt addressed his nation, his allies, his enemies. He shook a big production-programme in the face of his nation, a big heap of confidence in the faces of his allies, a big fist in the face of his enemies.

Declared he: "Japan's scheme of conquest goes back half a century. It was not merely a policy of seeking living room, it was a plan, which included subjugation of all peoples in the Far East and the islands of the Pacific and domination of that ocean by Japanese military and naval control of the western coasts of North, Central, and South America . . ."

"A similar policy of criminal conquest was adopted by Italy. The Fascists first revealed their imperial designs in Libya and Tripoli in 1931. They seized Abyssinia . . ."

"But the dreams of empire of the Japanese and Fascist leaders were modest in comparison with

the gargantuan aspirations of Hitler and his Nazis . . .

"Powerful and offensive actions must and will be taken in proper time. Consolidation of the armed nations' total war effort against our common enemies is being achieved. That was and is the purpose of the conferences that have been held during the past two weeks in Washington, Moscow, and Chungking. That is the primary objective of the declaration of solidarity signed in Washington on January 1, 1942, by twenty-six nations united against the Axis Powers . . ."

"We shall not fight isolated wars, each nation going its own way. These twenty-six nations are united, not in spirit and determination alone, but in the broad conduct of the war in all its phases."

## ... PROGRAMME

As gargantuan as Hitler's imperial dreams was President Roosevelt's production-programme. That his nation could fill that programme, no one doubted—not even his enemies. That they would fill it, no one doubted. Its effect would be overwhelming.

Revealed he: "I have just sent a letter of direction to the appropriate departments and agencies of our Government ordering that immediate steps be taken:

"Firstly, to increase our production rate of airplanes to rapidly that, in this year, 1942, we shall produce 40,000 planes—10,000 more than the goal set a year and a half ago.

"This will include 45,000 carrier planes—bombers, dive-bom-

ers, and pursuit planes. The rate of increase will be continued so that next year, 1943, we shall produce 121,000 planes, including 100,000 carrier planes.

"Secondly, we shall increase our production rate of tanks so rapidly that in this year, 1942, our production will be 41,000, and we shall continue that increase so that next year, 1943, we shall produce 71,000 tanks.

"Thirdly, to increase our production rate of anti-aircraft guns so rapidly that in this year, 1942, we shall produce 20,000, and we continue that increase so that next year, 1943, we shall produce 31,000 anti-aircraft guns.

"Fourthly, to increase our production rate of merchant ships so rapidly that in this year, 1942, we shall be building 4,000,000 dead-weight tons as compared with the 1941 completed production of 2,160,000 tons. We shall continue that increase so that next year, 1943, we shall build 10,000,000 tons.

"These figures, and similar figures for a multitude of other implements of war, will give the Japanese and Nazis a little idea of just what they accomplished in the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"And I rather hope that all these figures will become common knowledge in Germany and Japan.

"As will appear in my Budget Message tomorrow, our war programme for the coming fiscal year will cost 16,000,000,000 dollars (\$17,500,000,000 Australian), or, in other words, more than one half the estimated annual national income . . ."

## ... NEW WORLD

Like all up-to-the-minute, latter-day statesmen, he deplored the prewar social structure, pronounced that the post-war social structure would be designed on a more equitable basis.

"But we of the United Nations," he declared, "are not making all these sacrifices in human effort and human lives to return to the kind of world that faced us after the last world war."

"We are fighting today for security, for progress, for peace, not only for ourselves, but for all men; not only for one generation, but for all generations."

"We are fighting to cleanse the world of ancient evils and ancient ills."

"Our enemies are guided by brutal cynicism, by an unbelly contempt for the human race. We are inspired by a faith which goes back through all the years to the First Chapter of the Book of Genesis—'God created man in His own image.'"

"That is the conflict that, day and night, now pervades our lives."

"No compromise can end that conflict. There never has been, there never can be, a successful compromise between good and evil. Only total victory can reward the champions of tolerance and decency and freedom and faith."

At same time, it was announced that a great base had been reached in Northern Ireland to receive an expected flood of American troops that would soon flow across the Atlantic.

There had been rumors of this months previously; but they died

(or were suppressed) soon after their publication in one or two British newspapers.

## ... BALM

Following day Britain's Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Attlee told his House of Commons that the Imperial position in the Far East was not due to negligence, lack of fore-sight, or whatever.

He poured out excuse after excuse, explaining the hows, whys, wherefores. Again, he covered all the ground that had been already covered a score of times by a dozen other leaders.

Said he: "Everything has been done in the Far East to hinder the enemy by destroying railways, power plants, and supplies." Facts were already saying otherwise.

True, indeed, was his next statement, that, "It is four weeks since Mr. Churchill spoke to the House of Commons on the war situation, and much has happened since then."

Meanwhile, honors in the Pacific were going to the Chinese, who had belied the hide of a major Japanese attack in Chungking, wiping out tens of thousands, routing the rest, driving them pell-mell back without their arms or equipment.

## ... CONFERENCE

In Rio de Janeiro, a Pan-American conference, comprising all South American States, together with North American States, were shuffling into diplomatic positions.

They were there to decide whether or not they would break off relations with the Axis. Some favored an outright declaration of

war, some were for non-belligerency, a third group wanted severance of diplomatic relations.

At month's end, they flinched up by agreeing that anyone who wished to do so could sever relations with the Axis. How it would work out, sever or stick, still remained to be seen.

## ... BATTLE

In Malaya, Australian troops had gone into battle, singing, whistling. Without a single casualty they were moved up to the front, jockeyed into position.

Flash-quick, they went to work, wreaked considerable havoc on the enemy, who was not expecting any such swift, savage action.

## ... DIET

Not willing to be left out of the universal speechifying Japan's Premier Tojo bopped up and addressed his Diet in Tokyo, rattling about a near-empty national cash-box, a couple of Japanese skeletons.

His war-aims were few, simple, all-embracing. He wanted, merely, (a) strategic bases in Greater East Asia, (b) all Greater East Asia's resources for Japan, (c) victory over Britain and the United States.

That was all he wanted—just the defeat of these two nations and all Greater East Asia and its resources.

Announced he, with overwhelming modesty: "Our object is to establish an everlasting peace in Greater East Asia, together with a new conception which will mark a new era in the history of mankind, and to go ahead with the construction of a new world order along with our allies and friendly

powers in Europe."

He spoke clearly, briefly, without flinches—courageously, without complacency. "Even though the British Empire and the United States have suffered outstanding setbacks in the opening stages of this war, we must expect them to put up a stern fight and to make every endeavor to turn the tide of our onslaught."

"We, the Japanese nation, therefore, must be ready for all kinds of difficulties."

"We must be ready to face a long and tedious war..."

## ... REQUEST

In straight, forthright terms, Australian Prime Minister John Curtin, at month's end, requested a Pacific Council, representation for his country on an Imperial War Cabinet.

Little doubt was there that he would get it. For if he did not, everyone from Wanganella to Whitehall knew that John Curtin would raise Australia's hell.

Said he: "Australia's position is agreed to the higher strategic direction of the war is clear and decisive."

"We make it plain that we claim representation on an Imperial War Cabinet so that Australia's voice and counsel might be heard directly in respect to the conflict of the war in total."

"We also claim that a Pacific council should be established on which the countries particularly concerned with the Pacific might collaborate in the most efficient way in dealing with the problems of war in that theatre..."



# International ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## Britain

### ... TROUBLE

One of the most eagerly awaited political events of the month eventuated at month's end—a long-heralded speech by Britain's Prime Minister Churchill, who, it was said, would clear the Allied air.

As soon as Japan started its war he sprang and sailed to Washington at an instant's notice, there to sort arrangements for world-wide co-operation between the Democracies.

The job which, between them, leaders Churchill and Roosevelt did was so transcendent as to curtail exaggeration. They laid the foundations swiftly, smoothly, efficiently for a plan of world strategy against which the Axis is as helpless as a babe.

It will be no sheet or easy job to get that plan swinging along in its full, swift stride. For it covers everything from political to economic and production co-operation.

Until it is in its stride, the Democracies must hang on with their teeth, with the skin of their teeth, if necessary. As it moves speed, however, so, with greater speed, will the Axis begin to lose the war they started as casually.

But for the present, there was plenty of trouble.

While he was at the United States, things were going none too good in Prime Minister Churchill's Empire. His Malayan outpost, for one thing, was falling apart.

This, as it was easy for any critic to remark, was almost entirely due to the stupidity of some British leaders. They had lacked foresight, guile, guile, common sense. They had lulled themselves and everyone else into a sense of security with their damnable over-optimism and equally damnable under-estimation.

They were, said the critics, pointing quivering fingers right at the nose spots, unless, disheveled friends Churchill had put into the Cabinet—the "dead wood"—friends whom he stubbornly insisted on keeping there.

As Malaya dissolved under the Japanese approach to Singapore, as trouble increased in Britain and its Empire. Everyone from Tardieu to Tardieu was asking bitterly how this had happened, why it had happened, what would it be rectified, what measures were being taken.

Australia had been raising her political voice, making all kinds of commonsense demands for aid and speed. They wanted no part of the traditional British "in due course" procedure. They wanted action immediately, help from wherever it could be come, arms for the south-west Pacific.

Rightly, they pointed out that, when things were blackest in Europe they turned everything they had, neglecting even their own security, to providing succor for Britain. Now they wanted the courtesy of repayment in kind.

### ... CRITICISM

This, then, was the heritage awaiting, confident Prime Minister Churchill faced on his return. These were the questions he had to answer.

The petty Australians were pressing for representation on the Imperial War Cabinet, for the appointment of a Pacific War Council.

Churchill, who hates criticism of his actions or those of his Cabinet friends, set down to lead his guns.

First up, he would demand a vote of confidence.

He had done this before, using the vote to stifle criticism, knowing full well that such a vote would be carried.

For, as he knows, and as everyone else knows, there is no one who could replace him. Such a vote of confidence, therefore, must be carried.

But it meant, too, that he could proceed serenely; he could keep the "dead wood" in his Cabinet; he would be more firmly entrenched, above criticism.

His Opposition see by no means fond of such votes. For, although they do not want him disposed, neither do they want their criticism stifled.

Outside Parliament, before his speech, there were many conferences, manoeuvring, arguments back and forth on just that single point.

To his demand for a confidence vote, however, Mr. Churchill stuck—and rightly. For, in the light of the manner in which he had framed that speech, such a vote was good

immolation against the political forces of the enemy.

His speech was clear and forthright. His main points: (1) That Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa would be offered representation in the British War Cabinet; (2) that a Pacific War Council would be formed in either Washington or London. At the Council, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the Netherlands Governments would be represented; (3) that "everything in human power we can do to persuade the United States to do to help Australia we will do."

He made no bones, no excuses about Malaya. "Genuine public interest requires that these facts should formally be made manifest."

"We have had a great deal of bad news lately from the Far East, and I think it highly probable that we shall have a great deal more."

"Wrapped up in this bad news will be many tales of blunders and of shortcomings—both in foreign and at home."

"No one will for a moment pretend that disasters like these can occur without there having been faults and shortcomings."

"I see all this rolling towards us like waves in a storm, and that is another reason why I require a solemn vote of confidence from the House of Commons, which hitherto in the struggle has never flinched."

Said he: "We always have to consider the danger of an invasion (of Britain)."

### ... INVASION

Upstaging once more came a welter of discussion about the possibilities of invasion—of a German

invasion of Britain) of a British invasion of the Continent.

According to some observers, the arrival of American troops in Northern Ireland was another, definitely pointed to a British invasion in early Spring.

Said one: "Competent sources seem to agree that, without American troops, Britain has enough men on hand to throw back any German attempt at invading Britain—perhaps more than enough.

"She has to feed these extra men—in a land where there is already a strict programme of food-economising. What, then, is their use? It can only mean one thing.

"Once again this brings up the question of invasion—when?"

### ... VOICES

There had been plenty of voices to demand it. Cried the *New Chronicle*: "The Cabinet cannot ignore the nation's rising temperature. . . ."

Daily Mirror (London): "The nation cannot be appeased by hopeful speeches and phrases."

The Tassan: "The Government should be aware of the feeling throughout the country in favor of the greatest possible boldness. . . ."

In Europe, Hitler was on the run. British help could keep him running, right into Berlin, and beyond. But could the British help—were they in a position? Among those who said Yes was Tom Wintington, Emmanuel Stannard, M.P., Frank Owen (Editor of the *Evening Standard*), John Gordon (Editor of the *Sunday Express*), many another amateur and professional strategist.

### ... FOR

In considering viewpoints of the "Fors" and "Againsts," manpower was the first problem. Could the non-invasionists? "We haven't the men!"

Invasionists pointed out that it is only a few months since General Sir Edmund Ironside, then Chief of Imperial General Staff, said, "Let 'em come! We are ready."

If this was true, the position is much better now, with some four-fifths of the German army retreating from Russia, bogged down in other parts, standing guard over occupied territories.

Last June, according to American observers, Germany had about 240 divisions. On the eastern front there were 170 of these; losses brought this up to 200 divisions facing Russia.

According to *Red Fleet*, and ex-War Minister Hore-Belisha, there were only about 30 German divisions holding France. These men must guard some 1,200 miles of European coastline frontier.

There is, too, a greater feeling of revolt in occupied countries to-day. With all this in the bag, veteran Major-General Sir Andrew McCulloch insists that a force of ten British divisions—two armored, one airborne, together with adequate air and artillery support—could storm the continent.

Others plunk for 15 or 24 divisions, and point out that they could be easily mastered. Britain's R.A.F. already has superiority over the Channel and the coast of France.

Most suitable spot for launching

the campaign is a point on which experts differ. Strategical expert Tom Wintington favors Norway. Difficult country, he opines, makes any fighting for the attackers. Further, such country does not require tanks—a point in Britain's favor. But raiding parties, he says, must first grab airfields.

From Lieutenant-Colonel Kable, who wants to form a Free German railway corps in Britain, comes the opinion that a point between Antwerp and Boulogne would serve best.

Over this region, he says, Britain could establish air superiority, because it is within reach of British eledromes. Less shipping would be needed for Channel-crossing purposes. The territory is familiar to the B.E.F.

Third opinion is that of Major-General Sir Andrew McCulloch on attack on the Italian Peninsula.

### ... AGAINST

Among those who are not so sure is Captain Liddell Hart. Quoth he: "The real question is in regard to our capacity . . . to undertake action on land that would be more than an expensively ineffective gesture."

Whatever the result, in order to launch an invasion it would be necessary to draw ships off their job of transporting supplies to the south-west Pacific, to Russia, to North Africa.

Not only would it have to transport an expeditionary force. It would have to supply it.

Agreed widely is the fact that the best spot is Norway; thus, from reports, seems to be Germany's greatest weakness. But across from Norway to Scotland, Germany

could string a whole chain of U-boats.

From Norway, the Germans could throw out screens of "planes to take toll of the invaders. Because of the greater distances, Britain would be at a disadvantage in the air.

On the French coast, a British landing would be difficult, hazardous. For, along this stretch, Germany has been making fortifications, planting guns from the Maginot line.

Chances are, too, that the boot-licking Vichy Government, in such an event, might throw their Fleet and Air Force into the fight on Germany's side. Their greatest fear is that Germany will be beaten; for, in this case, their positions would collapse along with, possibly, their heads.

Before the war, it was estimated that Germany's total army strength was somewhere around 1,800,000 men—although that is considered by some manpower experts to be an over-estimation.

They believe that 6,000,000 would be nearer the mark. Of these, a good 4,000,000 is tied up in Russia—including combatant and non-combatant troops.

In any event, German troops have been—and are still being withdrawn from occupied Europe to reinforce those in Russia, leaving, probably, only about 1,100,000 sprinkled throughout the rest of Europe.

But even this is a large body of men. And Britain must, of necessity, continue to maintain great armies in the Near and Middle and Far East.

Writes *New York Times* military

correspondent, Hanson Baldwin: "Britain has not the trained divisions, 'planes, ships and equipment to undertake with much hope of success, a serious invasion of Europe."

"Russia may well have sustained almost mortal losses before Britain could succeed in its objective of drawing off large forces of German troops from the East."

"So far as the present battle is concerned, only Russia can save herself."

But it is now true that Russia is saving herself; that she has dealt Germany some bad, heavy blows; that she has grabbed the initiative.

By the tested laws of strategy, offensives are best delivered when the enemy has spent itself. And although Germany is not yet exhausted, even in Russia, some partial exhaustion has ensued. It is possible that further exhaustion is well on the way.

In London, last month, there was considerable optimism about the possibilities of a Spring invasion.

### ... PLANES

Another question exercising the curiosity of Britons last month was: "Why has the bombing of Berlin fallen off?"

In fact, there seemed to be comparatively little bombing going on across the Channel. Chances were, of course, that this was due to the fact that Europe was advancing under its worst winter in many a year.

Not against this, Britons argued that no real bombing had been in evidence for a long while—except on occasional, sporadic bursts.

In the nine weeks ended October 31, 1940, when Britain's air force was in no great state of strength, Berlin capped it on 27 nights.

In the sixteen weeks to October 31, 1941, there had been only seven raids over Berlin. Since it could be safely assumed that Britain had many more bombers—both home-made and imported—in October, 1941, than she had had twelve months before, there must be some explanation.

All the more strange was this in view of Ministerial statements back in July last year. Aircraft Production Minister Moore-Brabson declared, "I can assure you that it will not be many months before a raid like that on London will be child's play compared with the raids we will be able to make on Berlin."

At year's end, the child had not begun to play.

In 1940, R.A.F. raids on the German capital had been carried out by old-fashioned Whitley and Wellington machines. But it is some twelve months since these were replaced by better, swifter, long-range types.

Yet even these new machines have not been sent far afield.

Not since November, 1940, have the Junkers factories been blasted. Not since August, 1940, have the Messerschmitt works been plastered.

Messimo, on Munich, a town on Vienna's outskirts, where thousands of workers were turning out German fighter-planes, bombers, bombs, shells, guns, tanks, no single British bomb had fallen.

Why, too, asked Britons, was Italy not getting it hotter and stronger.

To sum up: The offensive blood of the British was rising.

## Germany

### ... CAMP

In German prison camps, 1,440,000 French soldiers still try desperately to keep themselves from sitting.

Some comparatively few have been released, and their tale is one of both horror and in illustration of French ingenuity.

In camp, according to one released soldier, there are special men, appointed by prisoners themselves, to work on those who are in danger of giving themselves up to melancholia.

Sometimes one will walk away from his comrades, slump in a corner, his eyes wild, sometimes weeping. To friendly overtures he will snarl and snip. It is then the experts' job to lead him inside the verminous huts, talk to him quietly, give him morale.

Prisoners usually gather in groups of six to eat and work together. They share each other's parcels, entertain each other.

Said he: "When parcels and letters arrive, there is a day hush over the camp. Usually the men will pocket their letters as unobtrusively as possible, sneak off to read them so as to give as little heart as possible to those who have received none."

"Saturday is their half-holiday. We used to write letters, doing any patching or washing that was necessary, and send off invitations for our Sunday parties."

"To these parties you invited both new acquaintances and old."

"Between us, we inaugurated a system of friend-making. We realized that, if you spoke to everyone casually in the camp there would soon be no one new to meet, no one with new ideas, new stories, fresh outlooks. You would soon come to know—and to exhaust—everything anyone could offer from within himself."

"Therefore, we decided it was best that no prisoner should speak to any other prisoner until he was formally introduced."

"In this way we powered some novelty. There was always someone new you hadn't met before. Usually one at a time, you invited these 'new' friends to your Sunday party—at which the food from your parcels was shared and eaten."

Huts used to scrounge around for anything that would serve as a tablecloth. They made clubs, cups, etc., from tin and carved wood. Guitars brought their own knives and fochs.

They arranged their own theatrical entertainments. Says Gonagou de Saulieu: "There were 400 acts in our particular theatre. The whole show was run by Max de Sen Laszaro, a stockbroker in civil life, and a sergeant in the army."

"A few days before I left we put on a kind of detective operetta in three acts and six scenes, written by two prisoners. . . . Everyone took the greatest care to do his best. Lighting effects were included, scenery painted by a professional, and I feel sure that the show was equal to anything ever put on the Paris stage."

"After the theatre we visited

some friends for a game of bridge before Lights Out."

The camp, too, has its own news-sheet, *Pearl News*—sixteen pages. Wrote its Editor, Jean Marsden, recently:

"We are not trying to make a profit any more than we are trying to favor any particular idea."

"Our aim is to encourage the best in every man, so that the hours may seem less long and less heavy."

## Eire

### ... NEUTRALITY

In Eire last month neutrality was slipping away swiftly between the worried fingers of Premier Eamon de Valera.

There was just nothing he could do about it. In this world war there are few neutrals left, none at all that have not been badly hit by the war's progress.

Eire had been hard hit in many ways. Now, with the arrival of American troops on its doorstep, and a promise of more, it looked like being in the war, feet and all.

It is months ago since Premier de Valera said, "War must be chased as a high probability for Eire."

"In speaking of the likelihood of our involvement in this war, we are not dealing with some distant, vague possibility."

He was having plenty of trouble. His Regular Army was far from be-

ing fully prepared. He needed many more men. And although he appealed for them, Eiremen showed no great disposition to sign up.

Being freely hinted about Eireland last month, was the possibility that it might have to come to conscription—which was previously unthinkable.

It was these annoying Americans in the north that caused all the trouble. They had no right to be there. Had not Winston Churchill said, "We do not need the gallant armies which are forming throughout the American union. We do not need them this year (1941), nor next year, nor any year that I can foresee . . . ?"

There, however, they were—and they spent trouble for Premier de Valera's country.

For, a country in which there is a mass of soldiers, or equipment, or arms, or all, is always an invitation to an enemy who might come trying to break up that mass of soldiers before it could start moving.

It was plain that he had to do something and do it quick.

But what could he do? He had no force to try to throw out the Americans. He had no political weapon to force their withdrawal.

He had only two alternatives: (1) He must simply shrug and leave them there, after a formal protest to Washington; or (2) drum up an army and try to throw them out.

No. 2 was highly unlikely.

## National



### ... FIGHTING TALK

Throughout January, Australia was notable for the number and heat of its fighting-speeches.

This did not mean that Australia was doing nothing else but reel off a lot of talk. There was plenty doing—more than anyone in the know could tell the Commonwealth; enough to give green-does reassurance and confidence to all Australians if only it could have been told.

So Australian leaders did the next best thing: They told their fellow countrymen that Australia could and would hold—and even drive back, any enemy strong to take their land. As best they could, they hinted that there was plenty of solid reason for confidence.

Said Naval Minister Mackin, early on in the month: "There are, today, concentrations of Power which, I believe, can secure us from any menace."

"We shall be able to resist to the utmost any incursion made on the safety of this continent. From Britain and the United States of America, it is the green light, the whole way."

Reinforcements had come; more were coming.

"As Great Britain has been to the Old World," said he, "may this land, which represents the same traditions, be the living example of Britain, by giving to the South Seas such encouraging aspects of our integrity and loyalty

that people at all times will trust our word."

### ... STRAW

Later, Labor Minister Ward threw a straw into the wind to see which way it would blow.

His job was no enviable one. For, although war—the real, shooting, blasting kind of war—was pressing close about Australia's shores, Australian labor still wanted more than its equitable pound of flesh or else it would strike or threaten to strike, and employers still wanted all the profit they could make, come hell, war, or highwater.

Into the middle of this mess—potential and actual—Minister Ward threw a thinly-veiled threat.

Said he: "Very soon the Government, in carrying out the policy of diverting everything to the winning of the war will be obliged to take over completely many of the basic industries."

"Labor has been mobilized—the manpower plan is to be put into effect without delay—and complete mobilization of the rest of the nation's resources must follow."

"There must now be a mobilization of capital, and the persons directing it, to serve the interests of the whole nation, rather than of sections of the community."

"I am satisfied that the workers in these circumstances, will accept readily the decisions of the Government affecting themselves."

"I think it would be wrong po-

they appeal to the workers for greater production, and to mobilise them completely in industry if, as a result of their greater production, profits for individuals were to be enhanced."

Three, without doubt, was the rub. Right well, Minister Ward knew that his workers were unwilling to give everything they had in effort because they thought that the harder they worked the more profit it made for their employers.

There could be only one answer to that: "To satisfy the workers, the proper thing will be to take complete control of the basic industries, allowing those who have capital involved in them Commonwealth bond rate of interest."

"No matter so what extent production is increased there should be nothing more for the investor. All the increase should benefit the whole community."

"I believe that the Government, having taken steps to organise labour completely, must proceed to organise and regulate the capital resources of the nation. The only way that can be achieved is by complete nationalisation."

"It is very evident that this is absolutely necessary and urgent, as big business interests, which have had great influence in directing our war effort, have failed absolutely in many directions."

At month's end, it still remained to be seen how far Minister Ward would get with his ideal. Some such scheme would have to come sooner or later—despite influential yelps of protest, influential political manoeuvring: it would be best for it to come now, right

away.

## ... APPEAL

Others of importance were speeches given by External Affairs Minister Evatt, Supply Minister Bessley, and Army Minister Forde.

There was no doubt that these words were designed for both home and British consumption. They stressed the need for greater, swifter aid for Malaya, greater, swifter recognition of the intangible fact that this Pacific War is no sideshow.

Dr. Evatt wanted no time, no words. He jumped in with both feet bawled: "The insistence of Australian newspapers on the need for greater Allied air, land, and naval reinforcements in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, is the correct expression of not only their, but Empire and American opinion."

"It now seems clear that the Prime Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Alexander, and the few other public men in Britain, who give utterance to contrary statements will at long last learn the lesson that the defence of Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, in, in truth, the defence of Britain, as well as the defence of Australia."

Cried he: "It is a pity that so much will have to be suffered by gallant soldiers and innocent people to prove that Malaya is not a sideshow, but a primary and vital struggle between the Democracies and the three Axis Powers..."

"There is a grave danger that if our eyes remain fixed on other parts of the world, we will miss the meaning of the crushing Axis

drive into the Pacific. It is not a Japanese drive, but an Axis drive. The immediate answer to Axis strategy in the Pacific is maximum defence in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, now."

## ... STRONGER

In the same strain, but even stronger, stronger, if anything, was plain-spoken Minister Bessley's brief piece.

In highlights: "If added strength comes immediately from this source (Britain), Malaya can be held—with enough guns, enough aeroplanes, enough troops to support the heroic stand now being made by the A.I.F., and enough ships to meet the Japanese on their own terms."

"More guns, aeroplanes, troops and ships must get to Malaya now."

"The people of Britain must look the Empire squarely in the face. The fight that is on in the Pacific today is the fight for the continuance of the British Empire."

"Given control of Malaya, the Japanese can fan westward to India, eastward to Australia. Given dominance of the Pacific, their Navy is free for service in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans..."

Already, he had pointed out that, "The Japanese are in New Guinea, the threshold of Australia. While Malaya burns," he added, "their western flank is held and their eastern flank must be broken. Therefore the fight for Malaya is vital. It anticipates perhaps averts, the last great battle before Australia."

## ... FIGHTINGEST

From Army Minister Forde

came the month's fightingest speech. Defied he: "If Japan wants Australia, let her come and get it—if she can. We shall gladly go more than half way to meet her."

"Whether we are left alone or have the help of others, we shall never give in. We shall do our damndest to crush Japanese militarism once and for all."

His advice: "Hold on; fight; work; don't mess over loose; yield nothing to the enemy without a fight; stick like kachin; the tide will turn."

"It may happen that the Japanese will secure a temporary foothold on the Australian mainland. Everyone inside and outside Australia should realise this is not impossible."

"Should it happen, our view is that it will not necessarily be a mortal blow to the Commonwealth, though the consequences will be serious."

"We shall make the Japanese pay bitterly, dearly for whatever they might attempt."

"Our intentions will be conveyed to the enemy in the proper way—on the end of a bayonet, or with bombs. We promise our allies, as well as our enemies, that the Commonwealth will be a worthy proposition for any opponent."

It will be no picnic, the defence of this vast Continent of ours. It would be no picnic even for a nation as strong and as big as the United States.

But it can be done. It will be done.

For, if anyone on this earth can do it, Australians can. They are on the verge of making history for themselves.

## History in the Making

(Continued from Page 100)

**JANUARY 19:** More and more Japanese troops were being loaded on the Johore coast to cut in behind the Imperial forces. To the Russians fell Majanak, main German Moscow-front stronghold.

**JANUARY 20:** Methodically A.I.F. troops in the Mear River district were cleaning up Japanese infiltration parties. From Japanese beach-heads Rabaul was getting a tough time; a full-scale air attack had been made by both sea-borne and land aircraft.

**JANUARY 21:** According to reports and evidence the Japanese invaders in western Malaya were meeting with stiffer resistance. Apparently, too, Imperial troops in Malaya had received air reinforcements. In Tokyo, Japanese Premier General Tojo stood up to declare Japan's war aims: (1) To secure bases; (2) to grab Greater East Asia's resources; (3) to beat U.S.A. and Britain. President Roosevelt announced that reinforcements were being hurried to the south-west Pacific. New Guinea was getting more and fiercer air attacks.

**JANUARY 22:** Rabaul's radio stations were destroyed; Rabaul's citizens—military and civil—had evacuated; communication with Rabaul had ceased. Although the Japanese were still pushing in Malaya, their progress was slower.

**JANUARY 23:** In New Britain, Australian troops were reported to be in action. In Malaya, the position was growing more and more ominous. In Russia, the Red Army was sweeping along in fine style, pushing everything before it.

**JANUARY 24:** According to the Japanese, they had made another landing north of Rabaul.

In Libya, General Rommel was making a comeback, had begun a drive with his tanks.

**JANUARY 25:** Although there was practically no precise news from New Britain, the A.I.F. and Militia forces seemed to be holding positions across the western end of the Rabaul Peninsula; meantime R.A.A.F. bombers had gone to work on Japanese ships in Rabaul harbor, scoring some direct hits.

In Malaya, two Australian units had written history by holding up the enemy for four days while the main line was withdrawn. Cut off, they were forced to fight their way home again in small, independent groups.

Withdrawals in Malaya and Burma went on steadily. The Japanese were now within about 55 miles of Singapore.

**JANUARY 26:** In the Macassar Strait a Japanese convoy, 100 ships strong, was trapped and taking one of the biggest plunges ever laid out.

In the Philippines, General MacArthur and his men had smashed a Japanese attack, were still solid and full of fight. In Libya, General Rommel had made an advance.

**JANUARY 27:** In London's House of Commons, Premier Churchill made a long-awaited speech, giving Australian representation on the Empire War Cabinet. On the upgrade was Imperial air activity in Burma; on the downgrade was Imperial land resistance in Malaya. Japan's big convoy was still being pounded.



## LONDON BLITZ RECREATED IN FILM

This will look the real thing, only King lights of top give it away. Scenes in London's bombed districts, recreated as they were on September 7, 1940, are shown in "Unpublished Story." A.J.S. men who fought the great fire appear in the flash-light scenes. Notable tube-dwellers take part in shelter scenes.



# RUSSIAN FIGHTER TACTICS

Crashcode, February, 1942 Page 74

## A RUSSIAN RATA FIGHTER RAMS A GERMAN DORNIER

A specialty in which Russian fighter pilots are now indulging is the art of ramming enemy planes. This has almost become a cult with some dare-devil squadrons. The art of ramming consists of knocking off a valuable piece of your opponent's machine or sending him splintering to earth. There are various methods by which this feat is accomplished, but the most approved (and also the most difficult) is to strike off bits of the enemy bomber's tail with your (Continued overleaf)

Crashcode, February, 1942 Page 75



## A RUSSIAN FIGHTER NIBBLES THE BOMBER'S TAIL WITH

whirling propeller blades. More than thirty cases of successful mid-air combat have been reported by the Russians since the beginning of the war. It is admitted that Soviet planes have sometimes lost their lives in this dangerous position, but to exchange a fighter plane for a bomber is considered a profitable exchange! The picture on previous page shows how a "reckless" pilot goes about the job.

Cavalcade, February, 1942 Page 76



## HIS AIRSCREW THIS IS THE MORE CAREFUL AND PRECISE METHOD OF BOMBING

of damaging the tail and is the vulnerable spot—to attack elsewhere would be suicide. The Russian fighter, slowly taking his dive, swoops on the tail of the bomber, and if luck is with him he can get away with very little damage to himself. The picture above shows the more finished method of attack—by a series of "nibbles" at the tail.

Cavalcade, February, 1942 Page 77



## THESE PICTURES NEED REVERSING



From the German propaganda machine these photographs originated. Since the German propaganda machine does not distribute photographs of German retreats (never withdrawn), these shots show the Nazis on the advance. The lower picture has a novel point of interest in that two of the Nazis have pipes in their mouths.



## THESE MEN SAW THAT IT WAS DONE



Marshall Timoshenko, People's Commissar of Defence, in command of the central sector.



Marshal Shaposhnikov, former Soviet officer, serving in Moscow as Stalin's adviser.



General Voroshilov, first marshal in Soviet High Command, in charge of northern sector.



Marshal Budenny, the Russian, organized rear areas behind the front.



"Tune in and see how we're going!"

Crescendo, February, 1940 Page 58

# MAPPING YOUR CHILD'S PROGRESS

LISA GRENELLE

*Every child is born with energy, energy and enthusiasm—without which can be wisely directed.*

"All our lives," snapped the woman in grey, "Ned and I have slaved and sacrificed to give our children some advantages. And what's the result?"

"Young Ned can't get any work. And my Nancy, a fine job her college education got her—working here as a third-rate wholesale house!" She gave a bitter shrug.

I'd heard it all before—perhaps even said it. Parents seem to help less nowadays. "Taxes take the money piled up for the children." "A small business can hardly exist." "A college education does anything but secure a job." "With the world as it is, children need advantages as never before, and we parents are helpless to do a thing for them. . . ."

Are we?

What advantages "don't count any more?" Of course, it's foolish not to admit the value of money. But how often has inherited wealth really proved an advantage in terms of happiness or fulfillment? And that "good little business . . . that place of property. . . ." Even in the good old days neighborhoods changed for the worse and made that little business or piece of property a liability. Or perhaps the son and heir was better fitted to be an actor than to run the family business. Taking over something ready-made certainly didn't make

much call on his ability to build something of his own.

"Nothing like a good education," to be sure. But does a college degree necessarily mean a good education? Certainly not when the bearer thinks he's too good for anything but a white collar job. Or if he received his degree without studying (which is quite common).

It's natural for all good parents to work to make their children's lives easier by giving them certain material advantages they didn't have themselves. Natural, too, in this changing and difficult period of history, to feel at a loss. True it is that many things we have always thought of as advantages can't be counted on any more. And since it is true, if parents want to give their children advantages to-day they must look elsewhere.

They must look in. They must re-discover the only real advantages that any child, man or woman could ever count on—advantages that every normal child possesses at birth. What is this untouchable hand that a child is born with, you ask?

1. A child is born believing. Believing in himself, in you and in life. He is born with confidence, with pride and with a certain knowledge of what he wants.

2. A normal child is born with initiative, energy, enthusiasm, car-

Crescendo, February, 1940 Page 59

lousity; with the desire to experiment and to learn.

3. A child is born without fear. Fear is unnatural to him.

But too often we rob children of the advantages they are born with, until they arrive at maturity stripped and defenceless. Yes, defenceless, no matter how many material advantages they may or may not have been given.

What to do about it? Well, we mustn't worry so much about giving our children advantages as about preserving, supporting and developing the advantages that see their birthright.

A child isn't naturally fearful. Yet he is quick to acquire fear. If a dog knocks a small child down, he is thereafter in deadly terror of dogs. If, however, his parents were to give him a puppy of his own, then in short order his unhealthy fear of dogs would vanish.

A child is quick to sense fear, too, in his mother's voice or in his father's eyes; for fear is as contagious as measles. An over-anxious parent makes a timid child. Little Willie falls down, then looks to his mother before getting up on a level. If mother just smiles calmly, up he gets and trots off to play again, the smart and shock forgotten. If mother thinks nothing of it, it is nothing. So, without words and without the child's knowledge, mother gives her first lesson in courage. When Willie suffers a defeat at school, in study or at play, he should receive neither reproach nor much sympathy, but a quiet, confident urging to go back and try again. And when he does, whether the next try brings him failure or success, he deserves

praise and encouragement, because he has shown courage.

You must believe in your child's courage, take it for granted, and he won't let you down. Put on a brave front yourself, for if fear is contagious, so is courage.

A child loves to experiment. But experiments of any kind usually involve a man, so they are forbidden to little Willie. Of course, it isn't necessary for his experiments to turn the house into a pig pen. But it is necessary that he not be discouraged from experimenting at all. Because the instinct to experiment is the instinct to know, to be sure, to prove, and on that instinct is based the only true education. Discourage his experiments and you are handicapping him much more cruelly than if you were to deprive him of a college education. Encourage him, and you give him a priceless advantage.

Curiosity is akin to experimenting, and also appears to be rather pointless and very annoying to many parents. Those questions! What one of us hasn't been driven crazy by them? And yet what sacrifices we make to give our children a fancy education—after we have successfully crushed that first instinctive desire to learn! What good is school or college to a boy or girl who is no longer curious to learn?

If Willie is forever asking questions about animals, the thing to do is to try to answer his questions, and if you can't, say you don't know and look up the answer. Show him how to look it up himself. Give him books, each one more advanced. And you'll see him gradually acquire a taste for study,

for thoroughness and accuracy. Always encourage him to go to an authority for his answer . . . to satisfy his curiosity fully and completely. Then, if you go broke and can't afford a college education for him, you may be sure he'll get his education somewhere. And he won't be a man who is likely to go jobless long, no matter what the set-up he finds himself in.

Children are naturally responsible, I think. But so often we destroy this desire for, and pride in, responsibility, either by giving them none or by making it a punishment. Like everything else, responsibility is a habit, and to develop even a natural instinct into something solid you need a little incentive; if not money, pride; if not pride, love—for example, a boy's love for his dog of whom he takes sole care.

Here again, show the child you believe in him. If you tell Willie you know you can count on him (even if you have a doubt), he isn't likely to let you down. Once established, the sense of responsibility is there for good, and it's the responsible man who is wanted and needed, who gets the job and keeps it.

Pride, in children as well as in grown-ups, can be either a great advantage or a bad handicap. Which it is depends on the parents. For what do you praise your child? For being handsome, or for being brave? For an ability that comes easy to him, or for a real effort at something which comes hard? Do you make him feel that he can be proud of himself because you know he can take it, because you know he's honest, kind, responsible, able

and courageous? Teach him to be proud of himself for what he is, not for what he has (by virtue of his father's good job, or his own gift of good looks). Teach him to be as proud of a good job done with his hands as one accomplished with his head—and he'll surely get along.

"I don't know what I want, I can't make up my mind," is there anything more pathetic than these people who have never learned how to make a decision? Yet every child is born with the desire to decide things for himself. But again, it is annoying to wait while Willie decides, fumbles, makes a wrong decision. So his parents decide for him. It is easier, quicker, and he will have a happier day. A happier day, but perhaps not so happy a future.

It's easy to say, do this, do that, this is so, this isn't so. But such an attitude breeds laziness, and the child finally won't even try to make his own decisions. Making decisions that are right is hard work for a child and requires a parent's patience. But what a tremendous advantage to reach maturity practiced in thinking things out for yourself!

So how can we best give this precious security to our children? By a bank account, a little business, a fancy education? Those things never spelled security for anyone—any more. There isn't and never was any security except a man's courage, his developed ability, his belief in himself. Security isn't a bank account, it's a state of mind—a state of mind built up by the development of those natural advantages that are every child's by birth.—Woman, U.S.A.

# SUB. LIFE IS HARD

Most cherished dream of the men of the "tube" is a hot bath. And no wonder—

A brilliant moonlit night and "H.M. Submarine XYZ" lay rolling easily on the surface to the long slow swell of the Mediterranean.

The "tube" had come up at night to charge her batteries with the special engines which cannot run under the surface—they consume too much vital oxygen down there.

The crew were filling their lungs with the welcome and reviving salt air after a long cruise "down below."

The dull glow of hand-cupped cigarettes, a measured sizzle of conversation and a quick laugh as they relaxed after the hours of tense expectancy submerged under the blue Mediterranean.

Suddenly a lookout jerked upright. A klaxon buzzed insistently inside the open conning tower, brought instant life to the submarine, and warned the crew to action posts for a crash dive.

"Diving stations," cracked out the voice of the young bearded commander down the speaking tube. His tonic breast carried the ribbons of the D.S.O. and the D.S.C.

"Diving stations," quickly flashed and echoed through the "tube" from the conning tower.

The lookouts went the hat down the ladder.

Then, the clang of the hatchway, the quick snap of the safety clips as they were driven home and the conning tower was made water-

tight. The rapid padding and shuffle of the rubber shoe feet of the crew along the narrow iron gangway and then a quiet expectancy.

The thrill and impalpable quickening of the heart beat known only to men who have stood by in a submarine waiting through those long moments before the order—"Submerge."

After that it was like a silent film as each man quietly but with quick precision carried out his job of crash diving the submarine. No one spoke. It was a busy silence inside the "tube." The whirr of dynamos. The hiss of valves.

Outside, the rush and swirl of surging water as the tanks filled and H.M. Submarine XYZ submerged.

The lookout had spotted the ghostly outline of a surface ship. No time to identify her. Too risky also.

The "tube" was submerging at the rate of about one foot a second, and leaving a thin white wash behind her.

The dozen members of the crew at their stations in the control room quietly carried on, but you could almost hear their thinking aloud. Each had the same thought—"Had the 'tube' been spotted?" They would soon know. Meanwhile they acted out their silent film.

A silent film of the drama of

life or death, but to these men it was crash dive routine.

The periscope is being wound up through the floor and the commander is peering through the eyepieces with his jacket flung over his head.

He looks like the old-time photographer taking the family picture on the beach. The same tense minute to get the "picture" in the right focus. And there the Italian ends.

The young commander whistles as he tucks in his breath. The men in the control room glance at each other and pause ready for action.

"An Italian tanker and a perfect 'sitte'!" barks the commander. A few swift orders, as rapidly carried out, and the submarine changes course slightly as she is carefully maneuvered on to the target.

The next few seconds lasted hours. With the periscope just tipping out of the water the order was given . . .

"Steady. Number one tube. Fire!" Then, a pause and "Steady. Number two tube. Fire!"

Nobody spoke in the control room. The young commander crouched under his jacket, his eyes glued to the rubber rimmed eyepieces.

Seconds later a great explosion shook the submarine and the men eased their grip on the supports. Then a second explosion.

Still the tense silence in the control room. Only the commander, under his jacket, knew what was happening. "Stand by to surface," he ordered.

Almost before the last repurcussion had died away the "tube" had broken the surface and the peri-

scope was wound down again.

Two of the crew flung back the hatchway cover and the commander sprang up the conning tower ladder.

He backed up his second in command—a youthful sub-lieutenant. Both shaded their eyes and peered across at the tanker now slowly fading over.

Her crew were pulling away from the tanker in three of her boats.

The commander ripped out a quick order down the speaking tube and one of the crew groped his way up with one hand on the ladder. In the other hand he carried a can of paint and a brush.

The man grinned widely as he pointed up the fifth chevron on the conning tower of H.M. Submarine XYZ.

Two Italian tankers, one supply ship, and two of Mussolini's troop ships . . .

The men of H.M. submarine volunteer for the service. There is a hazardous thrill and fascination about "tubes" which attract volunteers.

Life in a submarine at sea is hard.

Let me take you aboard a "tube" of the latest class. About 270 feet long, she has a displacement of about 1,400 tons. A narrow iron gangway runs the length of the submarine from the torpedoes in the stern to the stokers in the bow. It might be the corridor of a train. Two men pass each other with difficulty.

A curtain separates each man from the narrow gangway. Just like a cubicle in a handrooming saloon.

Now the torpidous live the sea-men. Then petty officers and the engine-room artificers, and then the tiny wardroom.

Next to the wardroom is the only separate cubicle in the "tube," the tiny cabin where the commander sleeps on top of the control room.

At sea it is two hours on and four hours off endlessly, repeatedly. On patrol they have their main meal at night. Generally the only hot meal, because on the surface the cold night air seeps down through the conning tower and lifts the heaviness out of their lungs and off their heads.

Appetites sharpen and they are able to eat with more enjoyment than down under the surface.

Submarine men are a silent race. They don't talk much. Talking uses up vital and valuable oxygen when they are diving. They use "tube" language, sign conversation known only to Royal Navy submarine men.

The Admiralty allows extra pay to submarine men when they are actually out on patrol for "Hard lying."

"Hard lying" pay is an old custom handed down by Navy tradition for small and uncomfortable ships. Nowadays, only submarines get "hard lying" pay.

An experienced submarine officer told me, "It is damned cold down below in cold seas and damned hot in warm seas."

"It can happen that a crew of a 'tube' may go for weeks without being able to peel off their clothes."

"The nearest approach to heaven for a 'tube' man after a few weeks' patrol is a hot bath."

"Tube" men talk about baths and favorite meals with detail, knowledge and relish when they are "charging" on the surface at night."

Average pay with danger or "hard lying" money works out at about 8/ to 1/6 a day.

Navy tradition has it, "Once a 'tube' man always a 'tube' man."

It is hard lying, hard meals, and hard living down below in a submarine, but there is never a lack of volunteers for His Majesty's "tubes."—*Everybody's Weekly, London.*



## All Mod. Cons.



A coloured parson was telling one of his flock that if he did not mend his ways he would go to a place where there would be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

"I wish no teeth," said the errand one.

"De teeth will be provided," replied the parson.—*The Outlook, South Africa.*

One Sunday the cure in a village church preached a sermon so moving that the whole congregation was in tears, except one man. After the service was over, the cure approached the unresponsive one and set of curiously asked him why he did not weep with the rest. "Well," replied the man, "you see I don't belong to this parish."—*Told by the late Henry Bergson.*

"And now John it's match point as Bognall lines up to serve . . . and there it slides just plucking the back line, but Hay is there and with a beautiful half volley, he returns a splendid shot! But wait, it goes high into the air and Bognall rushes in for the kill. There's quite determination on his face as he brings his racket up in a beautiful arc, but oh . . . oh wait, something seems to have gone wrong with the lighting system. . ."

# THESE CUSTOMERS ARE RIGHT

SELMA SHAW

*When business falls off in the retail business, the organization checks why.*

The housewife trying to decide between two appealing frocks in a dress shop, the travelling salesman joking with a bellhop, an inquisitive car buyer—these and other customers may not always be what they seem. They may be of that corps of professional "shopper" whose business it is to play to the hilt the roles of housewife, travelling salesman, car buyer—indeed, any standard customer part. Their job, as employees of an original and unusual service, is to find out how the man behind the counter reacts upon the man before the counter.

Employers have little way of knowing how intelligently their customers are dealt with except, perhaps, when business falls off or complaints come in. By then, irreparable damage has been done. Let the management apply as much balm as it likes—the sting may diminish, but the trauma will remain.

What's the remedy? To discover the offender, start from scratch with a new employee, sling him into the commercial world with a slogan and a warning—and then trust to chance? No, thought Will and Mark Bernstein twenty-five years ago in New York. Mark held a job as head of the service department for a chain chemist. Will held a similar job with an-

other chain of stores. Why not do this work for others? Surely, they argued, there were dozens of businesses which needed to know where the shortcomings of their staff lay, and prevented them from reaping maximum harvest. Employees could be taught the errors of their ways, once the errors were spotted, with a double-headed peal: Electronic cash expensive fring, increase sales.

Will and Mark combined first names and put out a sign: Willmark Service. In the beginning, they were their own legmen, covering all the territory they could handle, accumulating a treasury of business lore. Just as a microscope detects thematic flaws, so did Will and Mark listen for flaws—however faint—in the heart of commerce. The result of every probe meant another dollar, an additional job. But they did not stop at informing employers what kind of service their customers were getting. They added a supplementary branch of first aid to employees whereby the latter learned what chances ought to be getting. By accurately counting commercial checkups before they were hatched, Willmark pointed the way to new enterprises. So happy were the consequences that Will and Mark added advisory service to their original shopping function.

To-day, this firm covers the country with thirty strategically-located branches. The founders are still on the job, but they have been augmented by 990 employees, who work at 1116 clinics daily for a varied clientele.

The organization tests, teaches and corrects. Methods of testing vary according to the job at hand. A hotel test might begin when an agent stops off a train and requests of the stationmaster, "What's a good hotel in this town?" A restaurant test might open with the agent's stammering about vainly looking for a table.

This is not the snooper's delight, however. The agent is on prevention rather than detection. Indeed, signs are generally put up in advance of such checkups to put the personnel on its toes.

If these trained investigators are detection-proof, it is simply because they studiously refrain from peering under beds for dirt, pinching the waitress behind her back, or deliberately sparring with salespeople. In short, they are no more than well-mannered patrons—except in that they are more accurate in their observation. "I've been waiting for ages!" is a common complaint of shoppers. A clock measures the time when these agents shop.

"The service here is awful!" is another groan. In exactly what way? To reproduce accurately the entire over-the-counter picture of the employee, the organization has devised a percentage basis test for individual employees. These Sales Questionnaires cover every phase of selling, which the shopper checks and adds up to secure the em-

ployee's numerical rating. When testing time comes, weaknesses peek out through figures.

"Business is terrible!" What, precisely, is at fault? Investigators in a series of surveys brought home from 1000 different clerks, to test their techniques at suggestive selling—influencing customers to buy more. More than 240 clerks tagged a feeble "And what else?" and "Will that be all?" onto the end of their sale. Nearly 150 did make specific suggestions, but even those tagged in the middle: "Got plenty of stockings?" and "You wouldn't be interested in any tie, would you?" Worse, some let slip such boners as "Do you use an aspirin?" You're shy around the nose, you know.

From the organization's inspirational pamphlets, employees are taught the ultimate in sales psychology and technique. "We have a new model shoe that will look perfect as a small foot five years," was a line recommended to a shoe store—as to its profit.

## COMMUNITY CRISIS

One of the most unusual of the organization's testing jobs was undertaken at the request of the Chamber of Commerce for a certain city. For months, its bewildered merchants had set by and watched townpeople get into their automobiles and drive thirteen miles to another town for merchandise readily obtained at home. Why? As trade dwindled to the danger point, the merchants finally banded together and asked the Chamber of Commerce to set up their intermediary in calling the experts, supplying the funds with which to do so.

Investigators then made 1600 contacts, divided between the shops and the residents of both cities. The findings were various and interesting, comprising the general run of inefficiency and complaints. Of these, perhaps two were most enlightening. In some of the stores, salespeople did not even know what was in their newspaper advertisements. When customers came in to see those "49.95 coats reduced to 29.95 dollars," the salesgirls would either deny the existence of such coats or confess ignorance of the matter.

Most astonishing was the revelation that the delivery service of the shops eighteen miles away was actually better than that right at home. Altogether a sorry assessment of facts, which curative action completely reversed.

When textbook teaching fails, the firm runs stimulating promotion schemes. An executive with 200 dozen pairs of silk stockings to sell at a bargain price asked the managers in all departments of the store to mention the sale to their customers. Professional shoppers, he announced further, would be on hand to see if his request was being carried out.

The next day, ten astonished girls who had mentioned the sale to their customers received a one-dollar bill and a personal note of thanks. The fifteen who had failed to do so received nothing. The reward was negligible, the psychology was not. In two days the stockings were sold out.—"Baltimore Sun," U.S.A.

## ★ London Laughs—

"Adam Had Five Buns," at 11.15, 2.4, 5.40, and 8.30.

This week-end I had the latest variety of the quick one. It is the whisky "F"—three drops and a splash—"Psychoboreach," in The Daily Telegraph, London.

From 1937 to 1940 Britain was governed by an oligarchy composed of the late Premier, a subterranean Cabinet, and a hundred odd blind and dumb overbills of the stunted struggle of expatriation. This oligarchy was supported tacitly and well by The Times—both masked by a complacent and omniscient view, and neatly stored in impenetrable periods—Letter in Time and Time, London.

Is this the very latest addition to the comic lure of the cynicist? Two Best End authors describing probable duration of War. "Well, I said that it may go as far thirty years!" "Excuse me!" Why are little Albert would be forty-two when he came home from White?—Admiral's Postscript, in The War Illustrated, London.

Philosophy is the discovery that you might be worse off than you are.—Josh Sipest, Dublin.

Hint on a Shanghai talking shop: Despicable ladies having his upstairs.—Robert M. MacGregor in The Week Magazine.

Canberra, February, 1942. Page 71.

# JUDGE WELL YOUR JUNK

CAREY FORD

On the matter of hoarding the money value has his version. For money doesn't rot up SPACE

There are three kinds of women: women who save things because they might come in handy some time; women who save things because it seems a shame to throw them away; and women who save things because you never can tell, I know, because I married all three.

I have no objection to my wife's saving things like (if I may offer a suggestion) money. I am a great admirer, too, of the female cabin who collects string and bright-coloured bits of cloth and the broken handle of a china cup—not to mention a whole basketful of glass jars, several hundred empty pasteboard boxes, the cover of a vest-pocket which has been missing for years, a malgong set with three pieces lost, and a collection of keys that don't fit anything—then I think it's high time to put my foot down. The only trouble is, in our house there isn't any room any more to put my foot down.

But my wife isn't a female robin. And when she starts collecting string and bright-coloured bits of cloth and the broken handle of a china cup—not to mention a whole basketful of glass jars, several hundred empty pasteboard boxes, the cover of a vest-pocket which has been missing for years, a malgong set with three pieces lost, and a collection of keys that don't fit anything—then I think it's high time to put my foot down. The only trouble is, in our house there isn't any room any more to put my foot down.

Take my wife's collection of glass jars. For some years, it seems, my wife has been hoarding empty jars. Whenever she sees an extra jar or pickle jar or peanut butter jar,

she pounces on it with an eager cry, sniffs off the label, washes the jar carefully and stores it in the basement.

At present the collection extends from one end of the basement to the other and all the way up the basement stairs to the top landing, where I step on them each morning as I start down to the furnace, effectively spending me on my way. And when I struggle to my feet and ask my wife, not unkindly, just what the blank-blank she wants all those blank-blank jars for, she replies vaguely that they'll be just the thing sometime if she decides to preserve. "They'll come in handy," she explains, raising out a mysterious jar and setting it on a basement shelf, "in case I put up."

I've never seen my wife, as she calls it, put up. I've never seen her pickle a peach or space a grape or dil a pickle. The only thing she's ever preserved is a frigid silence the night I came home at 4 a.m. But still she goes on setting jars on shelves, and still I go on knocking them off again. The only solution is to dig a new basement out in the backyard and not tell my wife.

The women who save things because it seems a shame to throw them out, usually start with string.

Canberra, February, 1942. Page 72

My wife will never cut the string when she opens a package, but will spend from 15 to 20 minutes unwrapping each letter and winding the string very carefully into a little ball. Then she unwraps the paper and folds it in half and in half again, and smoothes it with her hand. Then she puts the string and the paper inside the empty box, and takes the box upstairs and puts it in the attic. And when I ask her very politely why she black-blacks the darn about, she replies that it would be too bad to throw out a perfectly good box. "Suppose you needed a box," she says, "and you didn't have one."

"All right," I say. "When you needed one, you could get it."

"Yes, but if you already had it," she cries, "then you wouldn't."

And in the meantime our attic is full and all the closets on the second floor are full and you can't get up and down the hall any more without leaping, and it's only a matter of time, as I see it, before the boxes will work their way down from the second floor, and the papers will work their way up to the first floor, and they will meet, and then we'll have to board up the house and move to a new one. It won't have a basement or an attic, though.

Another thing women can't resist saving is old medicine bottles, about a quarter full. On the theory that it would be too bad to throw them out because they cost money, the average woman (my wife, for instance) will hand every prescription she ever had filled, long after the remedy has been cured. Our medicine cabinet alone contains at least 200 mysterious

and pill boxes, half-empty bottles labelled vaguely, "1 teaspoonful every 3 hours for the first hour," and jars of slightly yellowed ointments that give no explanation but smell terrible. ("Let me see, darn, would that be the time you got poison ivy?"). But—if I want an aspirin, I have to go to the chemist.

Perhaps the most familiar of all is the sentimental scrap. Take, for example, our friends the Smiths. Mrs. Smith was a very nice woman, but she saved things for sentimental reasons.

She saved every place card, every church programme, and every ship's menu, and kept them all in her desk. She saved the flowers she wore when she was married to Mr. Smith, a lock of hair from Mr. Smith's roommate when he shaved it off, some lace doilies from her bathroom that she made with her own two hands, a piece of her wedding cake in a white box tied with a ribbon, a yellowed stack of newspaper clippings from the society column of the local newspaper announcing their engagement, and her bridal veil.

She saved all Mr. Smith's baby pictures that his mother had been saving, a hand-painted napkin ring from the honeymoon they spent together in the Catskills, and a complete pictorial record of their summer at Aubrey Park. She saved so many souvenirs of their long and happy married life together that pretty soon there wasn't any room in the house for Mr. Smith, and he had to move out and take a room at the Club. He's still very fond of Mrs. Smith, of course, and he

writes to her every day. She saves all his letters.

It's in the case of women who save things because you never can tell, however, that the acquiescent interest of the female reader is at height. Savers falling into this third category (such as my wife) may be grouped as follows:

1. Women who save little pieces of cloth. ("You never can tell when you're going to want to patch something.")

2. Women who save buttons. ("You never know when you'll need a button.")

3. Women who save one left-hand glove. ("You never can tell when you'll have a right-hand glove.")

Don't women know they can't take it with 'em?

I realize, of course, that a man can't view these feminine foibles too harshly. The fact that men never save things—that is, unless things—should serve to make them tolerant. Oh, maybe now and then a man might put away a few things in a closet, or in a bureau drawer, or under the guest room bed. In my own closet, for example, are a couple of old hats—well, maybe a dozen—; several old pairs of pants that I plan to use if I ever work in the garden; part of a sewing machine; and a silk hat I once wore.

But after all, as I tell my wife, they all come in handy sometime, and it really seems a shame to throw them out, and besides you never can tell. . . .

—Bitter Flowers and Garden, U.S.A.



Francis Melner, the playwright, was once called in a witness in a lawsuit. His trial was set to begin at nine in the morning. Mr. Melner, who had never been before seen even with insomnia, seriously questioned his ability to appear as assert on these midnight preparations were made to transport him for the ordeal. For two weeks preceding, he was watched a few minutes earlier each day, until finally when the date of the litigation arrived, it was felt that he could withstand the shock.

Temporarily at 8:58 on the morning of the trial, he was posted out of bed. The eyes still heavy with sleep, he staggered through his breakfast and at last was on the street waiting for a cab.

As he stood there drowsily, streams of people passed him on their way to work, and the sidewalks were filled with bustling humanity. Learned words about the testimony, he watched the hurrying pedestrians daily, then stumbled under his breath:

"My God! Are they all witnesses?"—E. R. Roper, in The Chicago News, U.S.A.

## A Mess

Charles Lamb was giving a talk at a mixed gathering and someone in the crowd blurted A deep silence followed. Finally Lamb calmly said "Those are only three things that men: a sword, a smile, and a fool. Come forth and be identified."



# BARGAINING FOR A BRIDE

T. T. STEIGER HALEY

*It's a serious business in Uganda, especially if the girl has too many relatives.*

The Luo word for marriage might be translated as "The brooding over of marriage goods." All my Luo friends said that I was a liar to suggest that Englishmen do not give their parents-in-law anything on marriage. They looked upon this as a grossly immoral idea.

Lately a chief got married and had to hand over the following goods: 110 shillings with a box for them; 10 pieces of women's clothing with a box; 10 pieces of men's clothing; 9 pieces of clothing for mother-in-law; 2 hoe-blades; 10 spear-heads; 2 sacks of sugar; 2 sacks of milk; 4 packets of tea; 10 chickens; 3 pairs of shoes; 5 hats, a bicycle; 5 large be-pots; 10 pots; 3 head of cattle; 2 shamanism stoupans; a kettle; tobacco and cigarettes.

That, of course, was the price of a chief marrying. But any girl would be considered unlucky to be married with less than 4 head of cattle, a few hats and spears, some tobacco and ten shillings. The capacity of the boy's family is taken into account when arranging the marriage settlement. Certain fathers held out for a big settlement, and so hinder their daughters' marriages.

The older generation complain that boys and girls marry much too young. The result is that

there are many divorces, as the girl does not know how to look after her husband. Both young and old also say that the marriage goods are so costly that boys find it very difficult to get married. Young men say that, in view of the luxury of women, the expense of marriage is a really serious matter.

The marriage goods are divided among the girl's family in the following manner:

Girl's mother's brother: 1 bull.

Girl's father's younger brother: 1 bull.

Girl's father's elder brother: 1 bull.

Girl's father's sons: a bull which is kept for her son.

Girl's mother: various goods for her personal use.

Girl's father: money and other goods, and one of the cattle.

Upon the marriage of each daughter the person next in seniority to the last receiver of a bull comes in for his share.

What are the purpose and functions of the marriage goods? Formerly the system made it the interest of the fathers and mothers to bring up their daughters well, to teach them to cook well and to be very moral. For failure in these respects would mean that the girl could not find a husband willing to find a large settlement for her.

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The practice also formed a link between the various groups of castes as a result of the division of the cattle, and a strong link between the two class affected.

As a further result of the division of the cattle all relations, in addition to the clan, were interested in seeing that the couple were suitably matched and not likely to want to divorce each other. All girls were forced to marry. For without the marriage cattle clan relations their brothers could not marry. Further, the marriage goods assured good treatment for the wife at the hands of her husband, and, owing to the pressure of her relations, the wife's good treatment of her husband. Divorce was lessened. It set a limit to the number of wives a man could have.

The tradition also ensured that the boy was in a position to rear a family. For, if he received all his marriage goods from a wealthy father and uncles, this was a surety that he had wealth behind him. While, if he was poor, he was driven to work hard. He would set far more value on a wife whom he had won by the sweat of his brow. The importance of making a wise choice and not entering upon marriage light-heartedly was emphasized by the trouble and difficulty of ending the goods necessary for marriage.

Modern times add a new function to the marriage goods. Only an educated boy can earn high salaries and so provide himself with

articles of personal comfort. This would have put the older generation in a very inferior position, already had enough in view of their children's knowledge and their own ignorance. The institution of marriage goods thus assures the older generation of these articles of personal comfort which they seem to win as a result of their education. The marriage goods, under new conditions, provide an incentive to work and a healthy redistribution of wealth.

The process is that a father educates his children at a certain expense. He is amply repaid in the monetary element handed to him by his son-in-law. This monetary element is provided by the work of the younger man, who strives to find good wives. A boy must work hard to win the girl of his heart. The white boy only gains his wife after he has won a place for himself in the world. The co-concurrence of the marriage goods is therefore so vital.

It is difficult to obtain wage-labourers for government, missionary or commercial work. But the higher the marriage goods the greater the supply of labour. Anything that makes a boy work hard and postpone his marriage for a few years is a good thing. The old men say that the boys are marrying much too young. This is probably because they can now find the marriage goods independently of their fathers.

—*Uganda, Journal, Kampala.*

"Could you manage to give me a raise of salary, sir? Three other chauffeurs are after me."

"What chauffeurs?"

"Gas, electricity and water, sir."—*The Brix, London*

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# HISTORY

## IN THE MAKING

**DECEMBER 31:** At Manila's gates (Philippine Islands) the Japanese were hammering loudly. They had reached to within 30 miles of the city at one point; fighting was proceeding in some confusion. In Libya, General Rommel's Axis forces were still in retreat, still suffering damage. From Washington: A report that Japanese bombers had given Manila repeated, senseless and savage plungings.

**JANUARY 1:** The Pacific was no joyous world's playground as 1942 dawned. There was fighting on Manila's outskirts, still more Imperial withdrawals in Malaya. From Russia came good news: That 250,000 Germans had been routed on the central front's southern sector, that Kaluga had been recaptured. From Russia's *Freeds*, too, came a knuckle-capping outburst against U.S.A.'s declaration that Manila was an open city; *Freeds* had described this as "Pekin tactics."

**JANUARY 2:** Into Manila, capital of the Philippines, went Japanese troops. From Kuala Lumpur, Commander-in-Chief General Sir Henry Pownall declared that his men would fight every inch, that considerable help was coming. Not yet in action was the A.I.F. in Malaya. Russia was making further advances.

**JANUARY 3:** In Washington, 26 pact-signing Allied nations put

their signatures to a treaty pledging they would fight to the death, make no separate peace. In Russia, the situation was growing daily more menacing for the Germans. In Libya, once more, Bardia fell to the Imperial forces.

**JANUARY 4:** From Canberra and Washington came an announcement that all Allied sea, land and air forces in the south-west Pacific were now under one command. The supreme Commander: rough, genial General Sir Archibald Wavell. His deputy, Major-General Brett, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army Air Corps. In charge of all naval forces was Admiral Thomas C. Hart, Commander of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet.

**JANUARY 5:** Pressing as hard as they could, the Japanese were making for Kuala Lumpur while Imperial troops continued to retreat. In Russia, the Red Army was still having things their own way. In the Philippines there was little news from General MacArthur's forces. They had retired to Zamboanga Province, north of Manila, were also holding Cagayan.

**JANUARY 6:** Still steadily retreating, British troops had left Kuantan and its airbase (200 miles north of Singapore). Bombings over Singapore were increasing. General MacArthur's forces held out. Russians were driving for Mojitak.

**JANUARY 7:** From Malaya still came news of British withdrawals "according to plan." From U.S.A., word to go American land, sea, air forces to Britain. President Roosevelt announced a prodigious arm-production plan.



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**JANUARY 8:** To Bangkok, to hand out a heavy shelling to Japanese military objectives went an R.A.F. raiding party. In Malaya: More withdrawals. In Russia: More Russian gains. In China: A major Chinese victory in which tens of thousands of Japanese were killed, tens of thousands routed.

**JANUARY 9:** Around the Slim River, a big Anglo-Japanese battle was raging. Towards Kuala Lumpur came the Japanese, with tanks and infantry, infiltration methods. Up to Bangkok, raiding-bent, went another R.A.F. force. In the Philippines, more Japanese reinforcements were being brought up. In Libya: a continued Axis retreat. In Russia: a continued Russian advance.

**JANUARY 10:** From Malaya, Britain recalled Mr. Duff Cooper. The Japanese, finding that infiltration methods were paying handsome dividends, were using them widely.

**JANUARY 11:** Japanese ships hove-to off the Celebes, landed troops at three points on the Mirimau Peninsula, about 1800 air miles from Darwin. From the Slim River area, in Malaya, the British withdrew, began reorganizing. In China, a general Chinese offensive had been launched in four areas: Canton, Yellow River, Hankow, Inner Mongolia. Meantime, more Chinese troops were streaming across into Burma.

**JANUARY 12:** Kuala Lumpur was abandoned before the Japanese drove a light hit-run raid by a small Japanese vessel was made on Pago Pago; U.S. bombers there times hit a Japanese battleship in the Gulf of Davao.

**JANUARY 13:** More and heavier were air attacks on Singapore. From General Ken-shak came a promise to aid Britain's Burma forces by giving them arms from his Burmese border-marches. Russia's advance made another spurt. In Libya, Solheim fell to the British.

**JANUARY 14:** In Western Malaya, the British were withdrawing. R.A.F. bombers from Burma were attacking Thailand. Russia had made a clean break through German defences.

**JANUARY 15:** Growing hourly was the Japanese threat to Singapore. From Manila, America's Asiatic Fleet had escaped intact. Land and air reinforcements were arriving in Burma.

**JANUARY 16:** At long last, in Malaya, the A.I.F. was fighting. They had gone into action at 4.31 p.m. on Wednesday, January 16, destroyed six enemy tanks, inflicted casualties.

**JANUARY 17:** Into the A.I.F.'s stubborn resistance-points the Japanese were flinging reserves. Indications were that they were meeting with resistance that was somewhat stiffer. Back in England to face a storm of criticism over the Pacific War's conduct was Winston Churchill. In the Philippines, General MacArthur's forces still held against everything the Japanese could throw at them.

**JANUARY 18:** Against the A.I.F. the Japanese were pressing harder after a brief lull. Across into Southern Burma went more Japanese troops, to Myittha. Over Rabaul, bomb-dropping, were Japanese planes.

(Continued back to last minute formo—page 72).

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# BOOKS

## ★ OIL ★

As important a place of work as any since this war began is Oil, by E. M. Friedwald, translated from the French by Lawrence Wolfe.

"Engene-Marie Friedwald, the author of this book," as the publisher's blurb points out, "and happily now in England, was Editor-in-Chief of the French journal, *La Revue Pétrolière*, for some years, as well as being a contributor on oil matters to other French papers.

"He holds degrees in Engineering, Chemistry, and in Science of the University of Toulouse.

"This book is a reasoned and well-informed study of the part played by oil in modern warfare. Accurate statistics are given of oil distribution throughout the world and of the supplies, reserves, and probable needs of the warring nations.

"The author's conclusions are both startling and extraordinarily encouraging."

True it is that oil is the bones and sinews of war. Without it, no war-machine can run. Campaigns are based on the necessity of getting it, long, bloody battles are fought with only one reward in view—oil.

One of Germany's greatest pre-occupations was to drive through Russia quickly to reach the Caucasus, there to replenish her oil-thirsty machines.

One of Japan's great pre-occupations is to control Helland's oil-

rich Indies as she can carry on her war.

If there can be said to be one index to the war's probable shape, length, extent—that index is oil.

Absorbingly interesting, interestingly written, simply designed for the layman is author Friedwald's review of the world's position.

Focal-point is his amazing-up "We are now in a position to sum up the oil situation, present and potential, of Britain on the one hand and the Axis on the other.

"Britain: The British situation is beautifully simple.

"Britain herself controls sufficient oil to cover her own and the Empire's requirements in any circumstances, not only in the financial sense, but also in the sense that the oil is accessible to her and the Empire countries, but barred to the enemy.

"In addition, Britain can rely on adequate oil supplies from the United States and other countries of the Western Hemisphere.

"In this connection she possesses the important advantage that she can obtain any quantity of high octane aviation spirit, which is not available to the enemy.

"Britain has no transport problem. Oil is essentially a submarine commodity, and Britain not only possesses abundant tanker tonnage, but also rules the sea.

"In some parts of the world—Egypt, Palestine, etc.—the oil is available to the British Fleet, the British Army, the Royal Air Force, and British merchant ships 'on the spot,' so that scarcely any transport is necessary.

"For all these reasons we are perfectly entitled to conclude that

Britain is suffering from no real oil problem and that there is not the remotest possibility that she will be placed in any serious difficulty in this connection in the course of the present war, no matter how long it lasts.

"The Axis Powers: (1) Germany.

"Germany is barred by the British blockade from all overseas sources of supply.

"If she had any hopes of obtaining adequate supplies of oil from Russia (Editor's note: This was written prior to the outbreak of Russo-German hostilities), she has been disappointed.

"Germany's stocks, as well as her home production of natural, synthetic and crude oils, have been and are being reduced through R.A.F. attacks on depots, refineries, synthetic plant and cokeries to such an extent that the German General Staff cannot possibly rely on what is left.

"For these reasons alone—although she may have had others—Germany would have been obliged to poison herself of the Rumanian oil wells, and to do this in a particular way—not by military action, but by 'peaceful means,' because otherwise the wells—and the refineries—would almost certainly have been destroyed.

"Assuming that Germany, with or without her Italian partner, launched an attack against the Near and Middle East, and assuming that she was victorious, even that would not improve her oil situation, as the oil wells and refineries in those regions would be destroyed.

"Does this mean that Germany's

oil situation is at the moment so desperate that she is virtually burned from a military point of view?

"No.

"Her present sources give her a supply of the order of from 7.5 to 10 million tons, all according to the damage inflicted by the R.A.F. This is equal to her needs in a blinking with no large-scale military operations. In addition, Germany has her stocks, amounting to some four million tons.

"Thus Germany could easily carry on a blitzkrieg for a few months, but no longer. Actually, then, the real Achilles heel of the Nazis is the vulnerability of their oil . . .

"(2) Italy.

"Italy's oil situation may be summed up in a few words.

"She has lost considerable stocks of oil through her defeat in Egypt.

"She is barred from overseas supplies by the British blockade.

"Her home production is insignificant.

"Her only source of supply is Rumania, and here she is entirely at the mercy of the Germans . . .

All these points author Friedwald expands in earlier parts of his book. His language is simply, easily understandable, his statistics few but telling. That subsequent events in this war of speed have surpassed some of his views is no fault of the author. They make little difference to his findings.

(Oil, by E. M. Friedwald. Published by Heinemann, London. Our copy Angus and Robertson, Sydney. 5/6.)

# SHOWS

## ... STAR

Over the problem of where to find someone to team up with wrinkle-tosted Fred Astaire Columbia has had many a headache. His first screen partner was Ginger Rogers, who began with him in 1935.

Dancer Rogers, however, got the artistic bug, decided she would rather play dramatics, which left Astaire in a hole. In their turn, they tried Eleanor Powell, then curvaceous Paulette Goddard, both of whom proved to be flops.

After a long search, a great deal of heart-burning, Rita Hayworth, who has just turned 23, floated to the surface. She was read out, found wanting in nothing—curves, legs, looks, ability.

In her first picture with Astaire (*You'll Never Get Rich*) they clicked as a team.

*You'll Never Get Rich* is a rich fare—possibly the best thing of its kind in a long while. It is no super-colossal piece with acoustically-clad chorines pouring out of gigantic sets. Rather, it is classic in its simplicity, polished, superbly directed.

The story: Loose-framed Robert Benchley as a Broadway producer opens the picture by seeing titles, credits, etc., on roadside billboards as he drives towards Manhattan.

Astaire, his dancing master, is caught in the draft, spends most of his time C.B. His favorite chorine (Hayworth) also turns up at camp, eventually marries Astaire.

Supporting cast: John Hubbard, Ott Manno, Freda Lenz, Gail Wither, Donald MacBride.

Principal song and dance numbers: *The Boogie Woogie*, a novelty number combining beautiful ballad and the lowest of low-down boogie woogie stomping; *Dream Dancing*, ballroom number; *Shoutin' the Works for Uncle Sam*, a spectacular production number in which Astaire's chorine dance down to Grand Central station to see him off for drafted life; *So Near and Yet So Far*, a languorous rumba, probably the picture's most haunting melody.

To sum up: Worth every penny of your entrance price.

## ... MR. JORDAN

"One of the finer casts ever assembled," is the description of Robert Montgomery's latest film, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, from Columbia studios.

The picture is directed by Alexander Hall (*The Thing Called Love*; *He Stayed for Breakfast*), was written by Sidney Buchman (*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*) and Seton Miller (*Down Patrol*).

According to advance reports, *Mr. Jordan* is a story never before told on the screen, a comedy which breaks every rule of film-making. Its characters are lovable, hateful.

Cinemacolor Montgomery is seen as a fellow named Joe, a likable character with a sense of humor, who is obsessed with one overwhelming ambition. In pursuit of this ambition, he is helped by sympathetic, dignified Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains).

In brief: Surprising zew, something unusually good.

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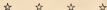
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# POTPOURRI



## • • • WHAT'S THAT?

**Typefs, Note:** The telephone operator in a busy Rockefeller Center office jotted down a message the other day for an executive who was out to lunch when the call came in. Leaving it on his desk, she went out to lunch. Upon her return an hour later, she found her original message lying on the switchboard, with a hand-written note on it signed with the executive's initials. She puzzled over it for some time, but, unable to decipher it, finally took it in to him. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. X," she said, "but I can't read what you've written on this." The executive took the slip of paper, frowned over it a minute, then reddened slightly. "It says," he told her stiffly, "that your hand-writing is very illegible, and in the future kindly type out any messages you have for me."

—Rockefeller Center Magazine.

## • • • FOR THE BAMY DAY

The men and women who mean glimmer and adventure on the screen are really manufacturers, shopkeepers, farmers and property owners away from the cameras. They have carefully decided that it's a good idea to have a paying business to fall back on, just in case.

Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell were forced into business

against their will, almost. Every time they tried to get a movie court at any hotel in Palm Springs, they found it crowded. In desperation they bought several acres and built a few houses which they rented out when they weren't using them. After a while they built a club house. Thus the Racquet and Tennis Club, which started as a gag, has turned into a 100,000 dollar a year business.

John Hoyer operates a chicken ranch and when not busy at the studio climbs into his truck and personally delivers eggs to the markets around Beverly Hills. Into each carton goes also a printed slip bearing the name of his sturdiest picture.

On their extensive acres, Clark Gable and the late Carol Lombard got plenty of good cash for their bumper crops of alfalfa. And their chickens also provided them with a tidy nest egg.

Ring Crosby is Big Business. He owns a large tuna fish cannery in Long Beach, a sheet music firm, a number of good oil wells, a race-course, part interest in a photograph developing concern, and is head of an artists' bureau which manages screen, stage and radio talent as well as prizefighters.

On Sunset Boulevard, out toward Beverly Hills, is a store bearing the sign *Eddie Center, Antiques*. Wags say that's where he gets his jokes, but don't you believe

## HALF awake HALF the time?

Get up in the morning half awake? Sit about in the evening half asleep? Eat your meals with half an appetite?

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it. The place is a chief point of interest with tourists and natives alike, who come to gape and stay to buy.—*Baltimore Sun, U.S.A.*

### • • • US AND THE PRESIDENT

A story is told of the president of a college in the days when our educational institutions were small and the men at the head could keep in close touch with the students. While passing down a hall late one night, he heard outbursts of unseemly mirth coming from a room nearby. Making his way to it, he knocked on the door. Instantly the noise ceased, and a voice from the inside called out: "Who is it?" "It's me," replied the president. "Well, who is 'me'?" "It's the president. Let me in at once," came the answer. "Oh, go away," shouted the voice. "You can't fool us. The old rocker would have said 'It is I.' " The story goes that the President slunk away.—*Charles Allen in We Who Speak English.*

### • • • ADJUSTMENT

*Child Psychology:* A girl who works in the Toys and Life Building at Rockefeller Center has an eight-year-old nephew whose father is a professor of psychology. Not long ago, when he came to New York for a brief visit with her, she took him for a walk down Fifth Avenue. Coming to the show window of a famous jeweller, where the use of an invisible glass pane makes it appear that nothing but air hangs between the passer-by and the glittering display, the child stopped in amazement. He had never seen one of these before. For two or three minutes he stood gazing, rooted to the spot, his eyes

popping. Then, turning wistfully away, he remarked resignedly: "If I were not so well adjusted, I would reach in there and grab some of those jewels!"

### • • • SENSE OF SMELL

A young woman went to her telephone one day and found the line in use. "I just got a gun of beans on for dinner," she heard a woman say before she replaced the receiver.

Returning to the phone a bit later, she found it still in use. Again she waited; again she found it busy. Finally, the fourth time this occurred she said, "Madam, I smell your beans burning!" A horrified scream went up from the line, followed by the clash of the receiver.—*Form News.*

### • • • GO TO HELL!

Sign discovered on a farm fence near West Point, Miss.: "Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice here in the past two months my gaze has been left open by Christian people, and before I chase my heifers all over the country again, all sinners can go where they are supposed to go."

—*PM, U.S.A.*

### • • • THUNDER BIRDS

The Bolivian Indians call airplanes "thunderbirds." They tell a story about an old Indian chief, who was much excited when he first saw one of the Pan American soaring transports fly over his country. In due course, by some primitive means of smoke signals and runners, news was brought that the great bird was turning in such-and-such a place. The wily savage thereupon sent two of his most

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trustworthy warriors to the place where the land was resting. He instructed them to sneak up under it and try to get one or two of the eggs. He hoped to hatch them and use the birds in his wars against his enemies.

—Haddon Stodge in "South by Thunderbird."

## • • • STINGS

The lively Casado mosquito has formed the basis of a series of true, fantastic, and border-line stories that would fill at least a small book. A standard example of the second variety is that of the fisherman who, falling asleep, awakes to find two mosquitoes sucking him.

"Shall we eat him here, or take him back to the lake?" the first mosquito asked. "Let's eat him here," the other responded. "If we take him up there the big ones will take him away from us."

—Lydia Ann Lord in *Amateur Poets*, U.S.A.

## • • • CHINESE WISDOM

In a small island Chinese town there was a temple notorious for the corruption of its priests. Once when an elderly man in a patched coat had come in to pray and to burn incense to one of the gods, I asked him to explain something to me, as a foreigner:

"How is it that many good people continue to worship at this temple when it is well known that its priests are evil?"

"The people come to worship the gods," he said simply. "Are the gods in whom they believe so he rejected because a few men are evil?"

—Paul S. Beck, in *Am*, U.S.A.

SIFTING THE BEST FROM A WORLD OF READING



#### \*\*\* X-RAY MY LANGUAGE

Harlem is a fine source of hospital humor. The latest concerns a colored lady who was asked if she had ever been X-rayed.

"No, sis," she replied, "but I have been ultra-violated."

—Jack-O-Lautern, U.S.A.

#### \*\*\* SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

Wellington (N.Z.), Saturday.—The earnest young women of the Christchurch Auxiliary Ambulance Service were summoned to the aid of a "casualty." They bandaged him, lifted him gently, then they fretted and dropped him.

The fall broke his leg.

Calmly equal to the emergency, the young women called the St. John Ambulance Brigade, placed the casualty on a stretcher, and did him carefully into the ambulance—but not quite far enough.

They slammed the door, which struck the patient on the head and gave him concussion.

The young women then decided to continue their lesson.

—Sydney Sun.

#### \*\*\* NO INTEREST

As far as the present international conflict is concerned, I am completely neutral—I don't care who kills Hitler.

—Vic Oliver in "Victory Now and After," London.

#### \*\*\* A HOLE DIES

A coal mine is just a hole in the ground. Yet, a coal mine can die. And men may suffer its passing. That happened the other day at Mollensner, U.S.A. The coal in a mine gave out and its life ended. There was a funeral procession to its mouth, with appropriate last rites. In the group were men who started to work in that mine the day it was opened in 1901. It had given them a living for forty years. They mourned sincerely.

—Capper's Weekly, U.S.A.

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to each donor a particular prisoner or send a card with the name of the donor with the goods box, should circumstances change later, the Society will endeavour to make such arrangements. In order to ensure the personal touch the Society undertakes that donations to the "Adoptate" Scheme will not be used for any other Red Cross purpose unless and until the necessity for the Society to provide this Service has ceased to exist. Special receipts will be issued.

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